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TO CONTENT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Maid, of sober russet gown,
  Claimant of my softest sighs,
  Bearing in thy quiet eyes
Shadows of the thicket brown,
Under eyelids drooping down;

Hast thou gone to live among
  Clover-fields and honey-bees,
  Leaving me to pale misease?
I who many a ditty sung
To thy praise when I was young!

Fancy, gossamer that spun
  In our hey-day, oft doth speak
  Of thy healthy, sunburnt cheek,
And red mouth with smiles o'errun,
Saying our delights are done;

And that I have quite outworn
  By my o'ertrue constancy,
  The regard thou gavest me,
When we went along the morn
Tending fields of spiky corn.

If, against our true-love plight,
  Thou hast thus my life discrowned;
  On some spot of rising ground
Beauteous with sunset light,
Grant that I may spend my night.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR

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THE POISONED DRAUGHT.

CHAPTER XXII.

A STRANGE INTERVENTION.

Long and weary weeks—weeks stretching into months—had Margaret Glendower been confined within her narrow prison beneath the old mansion at Woldhill. She had seen no human face since she had been there save that of the lady Lavinia, who waited upon her in everything. At first she had begged for mercy, and asked that she might be set free; but all hope of that was gone, and she now resigned herself to her fate, trusting that the mercy which was denied her on earth should be hers in the world to come. She had grown very pale and wan, and the close, unwholesome atmosphere of the place had rendered her weak and tottering.

She sat upon a chair by the side of the small table which stood against the wall, engaged in reading in the Bible—for this one privilege had been granted her—when the door of her prison was opened, and the lady Lavinia made her appearance. The old woman took a seat upon the only other chair which the place afforded, and having gazed for some moments into the pale face before her, she said—

"Well, Margaret Glendower, I've come to ye once more. I should think you had been here long enough. Now tell me what I so long wanted to know. Tell me where that thing was done—where it was written down."

Margaret returned the old beldam's look with a calm, steady gaze, and finally replied—

"You ask me that question in vain, Lady Cleaveland. If my son is dead, I care not how soon I follow him, and if he lives, that record shall never be destroyed by any information of mine. You have my answer."

"You know that your son is dead," rejoined Lavinia, "and of course he can be affected no more by earthly things. Tell me what I ask, and you shall live."

The only answer to this was a firm shake of the head.

"Then," cried the old woman, "the consequences you must bear yourself. You need not think that your denial will keep this thing from me. I will find it if I have to search to the uttermost parts of the earth. But," she added, in a lower tone, "I will give you one more opportunity. If you will tell me, even now, all may be well."

"You only waste words, my lady," was Margaret's answer.

Lavinia Cleaveland arose to her feet, and with muttered curses upon her lips, she hobbled from the place.

"Thank God she's gone!" ejaculated the prisoner, when she was once more alone. "O—I cannot breathe when that woman is here. Why should she wish to know where that record was made? If it can be of no use to her, why should she be so anxious? There's more at stake than she would have me believe. Oh! my soul! I begin to fear that I have been most foully wronged. If it should prove that they have lied to me from the first—that my husband was all he should have been—that my boy has no stain upon his name—oh, God of mercy! I dare not think of it!"

The poor woman's head sank forward upon her hands, and her frame shook like an aspen. It was not the first time the thought had come to startle her. She had entertained it before, and it had brought such agony upon her as she had no previous conception of. The behavior of the titled hag who persecuted her—her anxiety, and her eagerness to get at that secret—all tended to confirm her in the opinion. If such should be the case, she felt that she would die a thousand deaths ere she would yield an atom.

At noon Lavinia made her appearance again, this time bringing the food and drink which was to last for four-and-twenty hours. She placed the tray upon the table, and then stood for some time, and regarded her prisoner with an eager, searching look.

"Margaret Glendower," she said, "won't you tell me?"

"I will not!"

"If I would let you out from here, wouldn't you?"

Margaret started, but she knew that the hope thus held out was a false one, and she answered—

"No!"

"If I could bring you back your son, wouldn't you?" asked the beldam, bending her devilish eyes more keenly upon her prisoner.

"You only lie to me when you intimate that you can restore my son," returned Margaret, shaking off the hopeless phantom which the words had called for an instant to her presence. "Let me see him—let me know that he lives—ere you mention his name in such connection."

"I shall ask you no more," said Lavinia, with a mad scowl, "so you can have your own way from this time!" She cast a quick glance at the bread as she turned away, and her deep-set eyes gleamed with a burning light.

The old woman had been gone some fifteen minutes, and Margaret was upon the point of eating some of the food, when she heard some one at work upon her door. It seemed to be some one unacquainted with the bolts and bars, though the way was at length opened, and the visitor entered the cell. It was a female, and her countenance was familiar. She came in with a cautious movement, with her finger upon her lip, and having closed the door softly behind her, she advanced to the table, and pulled the tray, upon which were the food and drink, over upon her side.

"Don't you know me?" she said, in a whisper, gazing sharply into the prisoner's pale face.

"It is the lady Annabella," replied Margaret, in surprise.

"Aye—I thought you'd know me. Have I changed any since you saw me last?"

"It was many years ago when we last met," said Margaret. "We have both grown older."

"So we have," responded Annabella. "We have grown older fast. And many strange things have happened the while. The hawks have been pouncing upon the doves, and the hunters have been shooting the hawks. And there have been storms and tempests, too. Perhaps you didn't know that. You haven't seen the great sea in its fury, tossing the frail barks adown the valley of the shadow of death."

"Alas! I have seen it in my dreams and in my fears!" replied Margaret, thinking of the loss of her boy, and fancying that her visitor alluded to that event.

"Ha! Have you?" cried Annabella, with a sudden start. "Have you ever seen the ocean swallow up your very life?"

"More than life!" groaned Margaret.

"Ye powers of earth, of air and of water," pronounced the countess, solemnly, and with folded hands, "hear ye the new words that are spoken. *More than life!*—Aye—MORE THAN LIFE!"

Margaret gazed upon her visitor at first with astonishment, but gradually the truth dawned upon her. The woman's mind was shattered, and the expression upon her face was sad and mournful. She seemed to have no fear of the prisoner, nor did any glance of hers betray the least ill feeling. She gazed furtively about the place, as though she would assure herself that she was alone with her companion, and then she added—

"The storm is past, and the sea has claimed its own, and there we must let them rest. But the dove-cot is still standing, and the doves are not all dead. Did you ever hear of a hawk's breathing death from his nostrils into the body of a dove?"

"No," said Margaret, hardly realizing what she said, for the woman gazed so strangely upon her that she could think of nothing else.

"But there are such things, Mrs. —— What is your name now?"

"Glendower," returned Margaret, with a quiver.

"Ah—yes—I no[illegible]ve asked, for I remember now. But there are such things." Annabella stopped speaking, and cast a hurried glance about the apartment. Then, leaning over the table, she asked, in an earnest whisper—

"Have you eat any of this bread?"

"No," replied Margaret, startled, not only by the speaker's manner, but by the idea conveyed.

"You haven't tasted of it?"

"No."

"Then the hawk won't breathe into your body."

As Annabella thus spoke she drew a large bag from the skirt of her dress, and having placed it upon the table, and cast another of those anxious, hurried glances about the room, she proceeded to take from it various articles of food.

"There," she whispered, when she had done, "you must eat this, and on no account touch anything of food which that old woman brings to you."

"But," gasped Margaret, trembling with apprehension, "what does all this mean? Why have you done this?"

"Are you blind? Can you not guess?"

"I dare not try."

"Ah—you need not tremble, Margaret Glendower," said Annabella, "for you are safe. I knew long ago that my mother had something hidden away down here, and many times I have tried to follow her, but she would detect me and send me back. I conquered at length, however, and found the key that opened the way to the outer passage through which you were brought. And I'll tell you more. Ha, ha, ha—she doesn't dream how I have watched her. I've had my eye upon her by the hour, at a time when she thought she had safely lodged me in my own room. Ho, ho—it's as good as hunting a fox in the dark. I saw her work, and I heard her talk to herself. I saw her put deadly poison into it! And I heard her mutter her plans to herself. I tell you, woman," the strange being added, with startling energy, "there's death in the food she brought you!"

Margaret knew that her mind was touched, and yet there was such a simple earnestness of truth in her tone and manner, that she could not help believing her. As soon as she had recovered from the first effects of what she had heard, she said—

"I hope you would not deceive me."

"Deceive you!" Annabella repeated, warmly. "Think you I would have come here to deceive you? Do you think I would run the risk of that woman's vengeance for so small a game? No,—I came to keep you—to save you."

"To save me?" cried Margaret, with sudden hope. "Can you lead me from this place?"

"Not now—not now. The hawk is still soaring above us, and should you leave the dove-cot now she might swoop down upon you ere ye knew it. No, no,—not now. But mind what I have said. Don't you touch a morsel of anything she gives you. Isn't there a deep vault about here?"

"There's one in the next room."

"Then throw the food she gives you down there, and hide this of mine where you can. I'll see that she don't poison you."

"But," interrupted the prisoner, as her visitor arose to leave, "allow me a few words before you go. You have surprised and astonished me."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Annabella, in a hollow, unnatural tone, "wouldn't *she* be astonished if she knew I had found her bird?"

"But," pursued Margaret, "why have you come to save me? Tell me that, I pray you."

"Because I couldn't help it," replied the countess, slowly and emphatically. "You don't know what the sea swallowed up. You don't know how long the devil has been abroad. Oh! how the tempest howls!" She ceased speaking, and for a moment bowed her head in thought. Then she gazed into Margaret's face, and moving close to the table, and bending over it, she whispered—

"I suffered when you suffered. The same hand that struck you struck me! The same hour that saw the clouds gather over your way cast upon my life an eternal midnight. Your bonds have been of iron, while mine have been of gold; and did they know that I now spoke as I do, I doubt not the old woman would feed me as she had fed you. This is all true, so help me God?"

"One moment more," cried the prisoner, as the strange woman again attempted to leave.

"Then you must be quick," replied the countess, "for it might be the death of both of us were she to catch me here."

"I would ask of my son. Do you know where he is?"

"Ask the storm and the tempest!" pronounced Annabella, with the old solemnity. "Go to the sea, and search in the deep valley of the shadow of death! I can tell you nothing."

With this she turned and left the apartment, closing and bolting the door after her. It was some time ere Margaret could concentrate her thoughts upon anything that had transpired; but finally she composed herself, and soon summoned her reason to her aid. She was not at all surprised that the lady Lavinia should try to poison her, for she had suspected for a long time that the beldam entertained some such plan. Nor could she doubt the truth of Annabella's information, or the honesty of her purpose. She very soon resolved to eat the food which the latter had brought, and cast away that which had been brought before. But why had the mother of the earl come? What strange meaning could there be to the mystic words she had spoken upon that point? Upon this she pondered and conjectured a long time. There was a dim possibility of the cause in her mind, but she could not shape it to reason. She pondered over it while she eat, and while she paced her narrow prison, and when she slept she dreamed upon it; and then awoke to conjecture again.

On the following day, towards noon Lavinia Cleaveland came again. She seemed surprised to find her prisoner sitting quietly in her chair, though she tried to hide the emotion as quickly as as possible. She cast her eyes hurriedly over the place—upon the table, upon the bed, and upon the floor,—and then hobbled to a chair and sat down.

"Have ye eat all the food ye had?" she asked, looking sharply into Margaret's face."

"I have eaten my food all up," was the reply.

"Eat it all?"

"All."

"How did ye happen to have such an enormous appetite?"

"That's more than I can tell; though I suppose I could have disposed of more if I had had it."

"But you'll hurt yourself, eating so much. Don't ye feel any bad effects from it?"

"Why—to tell you plainly," said Margaret, "the bread did not agree with me as it has usually done, and it would not stay on my stomach."

"Oho—ye vomited it up, eh?"

"Yes," replied the prisoner, who felt no qualms of conscience in deceiving such a woman, and for such a purpose.

"And haven't ye felt anything from it since?"

"Only a little nausea, and a slight pain in the head."

"Well, well," said Lavinia, with a peculiar twist of the wrinkled features, "I don't see what it could have been. I let one of the new cooks make that bread. I must be more careful hereafter."

She got away as soon as she could, and in the course of a couple of hours returned with a loaf of new bread, and some tarts.

"There," she said, as she placed them upon the table, "you'll find these tarts not only very nice, but they'll correct your stomach. I hope your food won't trouble you again."

Margaret had no difficulty in seeing now that the old woman meant mischief, for she had never before expressed any concern touching the welfare of her prisoner, nor noticed whether the food was eaten up or not.

Towards the middle of the afternoon Margaret heard the bolts of her door withdrawn, and pretty soon the lady Annabella came in. She looked around carefully, as before, and then advancing to the table she drew forth a bag, and emptied some bread and cold meet upon it.

"How did she act? What did she say?" the countess asked, in a whisper.

Margaret related what had transpired.

"Ha, ha, ha," the strange woman laughed. "We've trapped the hawk now. I watched her when she came away from here, and I saw her fix up those tarts. She's got a new poison in 'em. She's afraid the bread wasn't right. I don't know what she'll do next; but you'll know what to do. I'll take care of what she does outside, and you must look out for what she does here. Throw these away, and trust to me. I'll make the ship rock yet."

"Lady—dear lady——"

"Not a word. You don't know all I know."

And with this Annabella hurried out.

"Never mind," said Margaret, to herself, starting to her feet, and clasping her hands. "I'll trust her—I'll trust her with my very life. She is not evil looking. She has suffered, and is worn in spirit. I think there is hope in her presence. Hope?—And of what?—of *life*. Oh! and what can life be to me now? Yet how we poor creatures cling to it when the dark angel flaps his wings over us!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NEW TROUBLE AT WOLDHILL.

Towards the close of the day a boat, in which were three men, touched the shore at the nearest point to Woldhill. One of them got out upon the land, and the other two pulled away to sea again. He who had left the boat was tall—very tall—and pale as death. His frame was yet huge in its proportions, but its bulk appeared only as the framework of a skeleton, which the grave could not hold. The cheeks were sunken all away, till only the skin seemed left clinging to the high bones, and the temples were hollowed out beneath the clustering, closely-curling masses of raven hair. He stood and watched the boat until it had rounded the headland and passed from sight, and then he turned towards the path that led up through the road. He walked very slowly, and with a weak, tottering step, ever and anon pressing his hand upon his bosom, as though he suffered sharp pain there. Many times was he forced to stop and sit down by the wayside, and more than once did it seem as though he had taken his last step. But an iron will, which even the presence of death could not conquer, enabled him to overcome the weakness, and he finally reached the gates of Woldhill. It was dark when he entered the broad court, and as he saw no servants about he proceeded at once to the main porch, where he pulled the bell-cord. The summons was soon answered, and the visitor inquired for Sir Thomas Cleaveland. The servant conducted him to a small reception room, where a heavy hanging lamp was burning, and there left him.

In a little while the earl came. He started back with horror as his gaze rested upon the cadaverous form before him, and for a moment he seemed to doubt whether the presence was a living, sentient being.

"DIXON GRUNKER!" he finally gasped. "Is it you?"

"Aye, Sir Thomas,—it is the North Sea Rover, returned from his last cruise."

Again the earl was startled. He had never before heard a voice so hollow, so sepulchral, so utterly unearthly. It was deep and rumbling, like the dying echoes of some heavy thunderclap as they fade away among the far-off mountains.

"Whence come you?" Sir Thomas asked, as soon as he had recovered himself.

"From the sea," answered the pirate chieftain. "But," he added, pressing both his hands upon his bosom, and leaning forward in his seat, "before I speak more, will you not bring me some wine? Let it be the old Marsala, for that has power. I am very weak, Sir Thomas."

The earl did not call a servant, but he went himself; and when he returned he brought a large silver flagon and two cups.

"There," he said, as he placed the beverage upon a low table, near which his visitor sat, "you will find that of the true stamp."

The pirate filled and emptied one of the goblets thrice, and as the generous wine began to give forth its warmth, his eye brightened, and something like a flush came to his deathly face.

During this time the earl had regarded him with various expressions of countenance. At first he seemed to wish that the outlaw were anywhere else rather than at Woldhill; but when he had time to reflect, he remembered that he had some questions which he would like to ask; and he also remembered that the man before him was wholly in his power. This last thought seemed to give him relief at once, for his look brightened, and his welcome was more warm.

"Is your vessel in the bay?" he asked, after the pirate set the goblet down.

"No," returned Grunker, with a sad shake of the head; "she's at the bottom of the sea!"

"How? cast away?"

"Aye—swept off by storm and tempest; and I, of all my brave fellows, live to tell the story."

"What! all dead but yourself?"

"All, all but me! I—who was not half alive, I, who was at death's door when the tempest came—alone survived. We made a raft; there were eight—only eight—of us left to float away upon it.

My seven companions—seven stout, hardy men—fell away before my eyes—died with hunger and thirst—died with such howls of agony as I hope I may never hear again. I had saved a flask of wine, which I had hidden away in my bosom. Had my companions tasted of it, it would have gone in a twinkling, without doing any good; so I kept it to myself, and, in the darkness of the night, when no one could see my movements, I placed it to my lips, and drew nourishment and life therefrom. Thus I lived—lived to see my comrades die—lived to be picked up by a poor Newcastle collier, and was landed here."

"And why should you have come here?" asked the earl.

A bright light gleamed in the pirate's sunken eyes, the muscles of the face were suddenly convulsed, as though by some strong emotion, and for an instant he seemed started into a new life; but this effect soon passed away, and then he replied—

"I came for two reasons: I had nowhere else to go; and I supposed you might like to know how fared our work."

"Aye," quickly and anxiously returned Sir Thomas, "and you supposed right. I have been very desirous of knowing how your work was done. Did you put them both away?"

"They both went overboard from my vessel," replied Dixon, with a slight twitching of the nether lip. "They went over at night, in gloom and darkness, far away from land, and far enough, then, from help."

"Then they are dead."

"Unless some passing ship chanced to pick them up."

"Then you did not kill them first?"

"No."

"But do you think they could have been picked up?"

"There have been such things, my lord."

"But if 'twas at night, and dark——"

"'Twas pitchy dark."

——"they must have gone. So we'll let them pass. But tell me—has your old wound broken out again?"

"Aye," answered the pirate, with a fearful contortion of his face, "and a new one has been added. The same hand that drove the sharp steel home into my bosom, sent a pistol-ball in the same direction. It lodged somewhere near my heart, and no surgeon can remove it. It burns and chafes there, and is surely wearing my life away."

"But how came Glendower by a pistol? You should have seen that he was disarmed."

"We did disarm him once, but he got the pistol nevertheless."

"By my soul! that fellow has proved a thorn for you. You must feel some satisfaction in knowing that he is dead at last."

"Yes," said the pirate, moodily; he has done me injury enough; but, with sober thought, I know not that I can blame him. In all the injury he has done me he has been on the side of Right. That is more than either you or I can say, my lord."

The pirate gazed sharply into the earl's face as he spoke, and there was much of bitterness in his tone.

"How now!" cried Sir Thomas, his face flushing in a moment. "What mean you by that?"

"I mean what I say," replied Grunker, with a cold smile. "Surely, you and I need not lie to each other concerning ourselves. When you feel the cold hand of death slowly grasping at your vitals, you may forget some of your old animosities, and find new ones taking their place. You may set aside the memory of such as mere passion gave you, and call to mind only those real injuries which have been done to you."

"Hold!" exclaimed the earl, with a show of anger, but with more show of nervous uneasiness. "I want none of your dying sermons. If you are weak and faint, you had better be shown into a room where you can find rest."

"The very thing I was about to ask, my lord, for I am very weak. My walk up the hill has well nigh exhausted my strength."

"Then wait you here a moment, while I go and see where we can most conveniently put you."

As the earl left the room, the pirate gazed after him with an eagerness intense and powerful.

"By the holy powers!" he muttered to himself, "I wish I could see behind all this. Oh! if it is as I suspect, there'll be strange times at Woldhill. I think my eyes do not deceive me. Such faces do not come by mere chance. Aha—I think there's trouble in the wind, my lord. I've served ye till I know more than ye wot of."

After this he sank into a thoughtful mood, and ever and anon low moans of pain would escape him, as he pressed his hands upon his bosom. At length the earl returned, with a lamp in his hand, and bade the pirate follow him. The wasted man arose slowly from his seat, and having drunk another goblet of wine, he walked painfully on after his guide. The apartment to which he was conducted was away in an extreme corner of the oldest part of the building—the same which he had once before occupied, and when he reached it, the earl placed the lamp upon the table, and let down the heavy curtains over the windows.

"I think you will find the bed soft enough, and the air pure enough," he said, turning towards his guest.

"Soft enough, and pure enough, I guess," said Grunker.

"There's one question I would like to ask," added the earl: "Did you meet anybody while on your way hither?"

"No."

"And you did not see anybody?"

"Not a soul. But what of that?"

"Nothing—only I thought I would like to know. The news got abroad that you were here before, and people wondered what the North Sea Rover was doing under my roof. I would not have them know that you are here now."

With this Sir Thomas bade his guest good-night, and then went below and joined his grandmother, whom he found in a high state of nervous excitement.

"What ails you now?" he asked, taking a seat by her side.

"Enough, enough," she replied. "It is that accursed pirate! He is here again, if I understood you rightly when you passed through here a short time since."

"Yes—he is here, grandmother; but he will not remain long."

"He must not," said Lavinia.

"He cannot," rejoined the earl, "for he is well nigh dead now. He cannot survive many days, if I can judge from his looks."

"But why should he come here to die! Perdition seize him! Why could not the sea have swallowed him up long ago! He must not survive a day! He must not see another sun sink to rest! You must help him on the dark road as swiftly as possible! Do you understand?"

"Aye," returned the earl, with much surprise; "I understand what your aim is; but I would also understand *why* it is. In mercy's name, what have you so much to fear from this pirate?"

"Enough! enough!" cried the old woman, excitedly. "I tell you he must die before the close of another day! It is enough for you to know that there is no safety while he lives—and, above all, while he lives beneath this roof. I would not have Annabella——"

"Speak on. You were going to say that you would not have my mother see him."

"Aye, boy," retorted the beldam, hotly. "I was going to say so. She must not see him!"

Sir Thomas was startled now. What could this mean? He had heard his mother's strange mutterings of the pirate till his curiosity was wrought to a high pitch—he had heard enough else of the dark man to more than worry him; and now this new development came with distracting force.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "I must know what secret you have hidden away from me! I can work—I can give the pirate a potion that will lift him over death's threshold in a twinkling; but I must know why I do it. I will work in the dark no more."

"Work in the dark!" repeated Lavinia, with exceeding bitterness. "You'll work in the dark with a vengeance if ye abide not by what I say. Do as I bid ye, and leave the rest with me."

"I cannot—I will not," retorted the earl. "Give me the information I seek, and then I'll work with a will. 'Sdeath! do you think I am a mere boy, that cannot be trusted with a woman's secret?"

"You're a fool! I tell ye, you know not what you ask. By Saint Paul, ye'd better drop into your grave this very night, or even change places with the beast that creeps in the grass in the meadow, than have your mother see and know that pirate! If there's sense still left in your bosom, you'll go and obey me."

"Fury!" gasped the earl, gnashing his teeth with rage, as he started across the room. "And must I bear this! Am I but a suspended feather, which a woman's breath can blow about at will!"

"You'll find it so to your sore cost, boy," returned the old woman, "if you do not mind your steps. Let your mother blow one of her mad puffs at you, and all the power of earth might not save you!—Hark!—What sound was that?"

"I heard nothing," returned Thomas.

"But I did," resumed Lavinia. "I heard a sound by the door. Go and see if there's any one there."

The earl hurried to the door and opened it, and looked out into the hall; but he saw nothing. Had he gone out and made search, he might have found a female figure crouched away beneath the great stair-case; but he thought not of that. He returned and informed his grandmother that he had found nothing.

"Was there nothing at all?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"But I surely neard something."

"'Twas only your imagination. There's nothing there. And now to this pirate."

"Aye—to this pirate," rejoined the beldam, starting up from her chair, and stamping her foot upon the floor. "Let him die at once. You say he must die soon at best,—so there can be no great loss of life to him."

"I am ready to do my part when you have done yours," pronounced the earl.

"I've done mine in giving you the warning."

"But you have not answered my question. You have not told me why."

"Fool!" cried Lavinia, with another stamp of the foot, "do you think to move me from my purpose? I have told you what must be done. If you neglect my warning, and the blow falls in consequence, it will fall heaviest upon yourself. Aye—it will fall with a crash that would put death and perdition to shame! Now mind me, and live. I have work to do as well as you." And ere another word could be spoken she had hobbled from the room.

For a long while Thomas Cleaveland walked up and down the apartment in a frenzy of anxiety and excitement. When he finally stopped he brought his hands together with a mad movement, hissing forth, as he did so:

"I'll kill him!—I'll put out the lingering flame that burns in his bosom—for I know full well that my safety requires it. But I have not done with *her* yet. By the powers of high heaven, she shall tell me her secret if I have to drag it from her lips at the point of the sword. I'll not be toyed with thus. There's some hidden mine in the vault, and I stand over it!—I'll know it if I live!"

And at the same moment Lavinia was in her chamber, muttering to herself.

"I was too hasty," she said. "I told him too much. I must curb this passion of mine, if he will not curb his curiosity. Mercy—why did I let my foolish tongue run so! Ah-a-a!" she mumbled, in a harsh, gurgling tone, as she sidled towards her bed, "the toil—the trials—the hopes—the one great scheme of my lifetime, must not end in utter ruin now!"

And still she felt a chill hand upon her which neither faith nor hope could remove!

CHAPTER XXIV.

FORESHADOWINGS.

Emma Dean had been plied with threats and persuasions till she was sick and faint at heart. All the good this life can afford had been promised her if she would become the wife of the earl, and all the tortures and sufferings the human mind can conceive had been threatened for her if she refused. Thus far she held up without flinching, though her sufferings had been great. She had been assured that she was completely within the power of those who held her, and that there she must remain until she consented to the deed that was required of her. She had watched from her window for some friendly face, that she might send a written line to those who would help her; but no such face had been seen. Her windows overlooked a bleak spot, with an angle of the old wall in the fore-ground, which was almost inaccessible to human feet. She had taxed her ingenuity to the utmost to devise some means of escape from her prison, but to no effect. The door was kept locked, and the long, narrow embrasures, within which the windows were set, were armed with stout bars of iron fixed in the outer wall.

It was early in the morning, and Emma had just performed her ablution, and was sitting by one of the windows, the casement of which she had opened, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Lavinia Cleaveland. The old woman hobbled up, with the wrinkles upon her unseemly face all wrought into an ugly scowl, and sank into a chair. She gazed into the maiden's face till she had recovered her breath, and then she said, while the scowl changed to an expression of cool, iron purpose—

"Well, Lady Emma, we have fixed upon the manner in which the difficulty between us shall all be settled. You will be married in just one week. Mind you—this is all arranged."

"You need not have taken the trouble to inform me of it," returned Emma, in an icy tone.

"But it concerns you very particularly, girl."

"It might if there were any truth in it."

"Aha—there you are, eh?" muttered the old woman, with a horrible contortion of the face. "Mayhap ye still think to overcome us! Why, my dear young lady, just let me whisper something in your ear: you are as dead to the world as though you did not live. Every soul at Ravendale, with the single exception of your guardian, thinks you dead. There are only three human beings, beside yourself, who know that you are here, or who know that you live! Now, do you realize how thoroughly you are in our power, and how sure must be your fate if you do not comply with our wishes."

Emma had suspected this—she had feared it from the first—but yet it startled her to hear it thus announced.

"Go on," she said, quickly recovering herself and speaking with keen sarcasm. "No new development of villany or unkindness can surprise me. I know full well that you have power to a certain extent—perhaps as far as human power can go; but over the operation of my will you can have no control."

"But I can break that will," said the beldam, with confidence.

"It can only be when my life-cords snap in sunder," was the reply, and with equal confidence.

"Then we'll make a trial at it," said Lavinia, with an emphatic closing of the lips. "And now," she added, with horrible distinctness, "let me give you the simple ordeal through which you shall pass. To-morrow, if you remain stubborn, your windows shall be nailed up with solid plank, and you shall live in darkness. On the next day a single crust of bread and a cup of water shall be your only relief. On the next it shall be cut down to one-half. And if ye hold out beyond that, all sources of hope shall be cut off, and you shall be left to die a lingering, painful death. I will keep life in you only for your own pain and anguish! What think you of that?"

"Horrible!" burst from the maiden's lips, while a shudder shook her whole frame.

"Aha—it moves you, does it?"

"Only with horror at the thought that such utter blackness of heart can find place in a human bosom," returned Emma, instinctively shrinking from the foul presence before her. "Move me!" she added, in a defiant tone. "You can picture no death so terrible that it could move me to compliance with your scheme!"

"We shall see," said the hag, rising from her seat, and moving towards the door. "We shall see. You'll find, as life begins to wane, your stubborn will will begin to bend."

The old woman went out, and shut and locked the door after her, and Emma could hear the faint echoes of her footsteps as she hobbled away. The poor girl had been visited so much by this beldam, and the threats had been so persistent and horrible, that she might not have been much moved now had not such a diabolical method of torture been laid out in detail before her. She believed that the woman would do as she had promised, and she saw no way of escape from the horrible fate.

She was still sitting in her chair, pondering upon the things she had heard, when her attention was attracted by a flapping and fluttering close by her, and on looking around, she saw a dove perched upon the stone ledge just outside the bars of her window. It was of a milky whiteness, and seemed to be regarding her with an inquiring gaze. Emma recognized her pet bird in a moment.

"*Dickon!*" she said, stretching forth her hand.

With quick show of joy the dove sprang through the bars, and alighted upon the maiden's hand. Then he leaped to her shoulder, and laid his head caressingly against her cheek, against her brow, against her lips—trying, by every means in his power, to show how happy and joyous he was that he had found his loved mistress.

"Dickon! Dickon! Dear, dear Dickon!" Emma cried, fondling the bird with gushing tenderness, "thou art true to your poor mistress! Oh! thou art left to comfort me in the trial that is to come. Thou wilt not forsake me again!"

And the faithful bird seemed to understand it all, and give answer in caresses, and in the bright sparkle of his brilliant eye. For a long time Emma fondled him as though he had been a sentient creature, and only the thought of how much company he would be entered her mind; but suddenly a startling idea flashed upon her. She sprang to her feet, and the bird hopped away upon the table, and looked into her face.

"Dickon," she said, in a trembling, eager tone, "you can help me! Will you help me?"

The dove flew upon her outstretched hand, and gazed her in the eye.

"If you should leave me now, you would go to Ravendale," she continued, musingly, though still seeming to speak to her pet. "Mary Nolan has fed you, I know, and you would seek her at once. I will make the trial."

As she spoke she tipped the bird upon the table, and then tore a blank leaf from a book which had been left with her. She had a pencil in her pocket, and with this she wrote a few lines to Mary. She informed her that she had been confined at Woldhill ever since the night of the accident; that she was persecuted most sorely, and she asked that information of the whole affair might be conveyed to the archbishop of York as speedily and secretly as possible. When this was written, she folded it carefully up, and having fastened a string to it, so that it could not possibly slip off, she secured it to the neck of her dove. Then she took the pet in her hand, and when she had fondled and caressed him, and told him, in earnest, imploring tones, all that he must do, she placed him upon the ledge outside of the bars. Twice the bird hopped back, but on the third trial he gave one parting look towards his mistress, and then opened his wings and flew away.

"He will go to Ravendale," she hopefully murmured to herself. "He will find Mary, for she must have cared for him. He will find her, and she will get my note. Oh! God give him direction to do my wish!"

While these events were transpiring in the prison-chamber of Emma Dean, a scene was going on in another apartment not far off, in which we have some interest.

At an early hour Annabella Cleaveland left her room, and began to wander over the great mansion. She looked wild and haggard, and her large, dull eyes had assumed a light which had not burned in them for years. She carried her hands clasped before her, and ever and anon she stopped to peer about and to listen. She had lost much of her flesh within the few months last past, and deep lines were drawn upon her face. An hour had she thus wandered up and down, and was just passing along a corridor upon the second floor, when she heard voices close at hand. They came from the chamber of the lady Lavinia, and she glided noiselessly to the door, which she found ajar. Beyond she could see the old woman, standing by a table, upon which was a flagon, while near her stood Sir Thomas. They were conversing in low, earnest tones, but the quick ear of the watcher caught them every one.

"There," said Lavinia, "in this flagon of wine there is subtle poison enough to kill him six times over. If you give it to him you will have to do no more. Let him but drink of this, and our fears may have an end."

"*Our fears!*" repeated the earl, bitterly. "By the mass! you presume much upon my confiding nature. I will put this pirate out of the way, because I know there is need of it. I know he holds too much of our work within his knowledge. But, as true as I live, I will do no more—not another step do I take at your bidding—until I know why all this must be done. So you can make up your mind to that."

"I shall make up my mind to labor for your good, boy, even though you may believe it not," returned the old woman, without betraying any unusual feeling. "When it is for your good to know all that I know, you shall know it. If you put this pirate out of your way, and marry with Emma Dean, you will be safe. Then, even did the power exist that could wrest Woldhill from you, you would still have wealth and power in the possession of Ravendale."

"Ah!" cried Thomas, with a sudden start; "and is there danger of my losing Woldhill?"

"No. I said not so," quickly replied Lavinia. "There is no danger. I was only speaking of how you would be fortified by marriage with the heiress of Ravendale. Do not suspect too much."

"Now, by the powers of heaven!" the young man exclaimed, seizing the woman by the arm, "you mean more than that. There *is* the danger of which you spoke. You know it! you see it!"

"Go and see the pirate," said Lavinia, shaking him off, and turning away. "Go and give the pirate his wine, and then rest easy. If you have sense, show it to me now."

Annabella saw that the old woman was moving towards the door, so she glided quickly away, and hid behind a heavy arras at the end of the corridor. She saw Lavinia hobble away towards her own chamber, and shortly afterwards she saw Thomas come out, with the flagon in his hand, and bend his steps towards the old wing of the mansion. With a stealthy, noiseless tread she followed him, keeping as far away as possible, until finally she saw him step and open a door, and then pass into the chamber beyond. Stealthily she moved up and listened.

"How do you feel this morning?" she heard the earl ask.

"Weak and worn," she heard answered, in deep, sepulchral tones. "I am not so weary as I was last night, but the cold hand is upon me."

"I have brought you some more wine," said Sir Thomas. "Have you drunk up all you had before?"

"No—not all."

"Well—this will both cheer and strengthen you. I will leave it, and you can use it as you wish."

At this point Annabella thought she heard the earl move towards the door, and she slipped away. It was some time, however, before he came forth; but he came at length, and the watcher saw him softly lock the door, and hang the key away in a narrow aperture under the heavy moulding. She waited until he had gone—until his footfall had wholly died away—and then she came forth from her hiding-place and approached the door. She found the key, and with a trembling hand she applied it to the lock. She gazed furtively about her, and then stopped for a moment to press her hands upon her beating heart. Presently she raised the heavy latch, and pushed open the door, and with a quaking step she entered the chamber. She saw, standing by the sideboard, a tall, gaunt man, with face as pale, and cheeks as hollow, as death. Had she ever seen that quaint form before? Aye—she knew there was but one upon that coast like him. He was in the act of pouring wine into a goblet from the silver flagon. With a quick cry the woman sprang forward and caught his arm.

"Touch it not!" she said, in a hoarse, spasmodic whisper.

The man dropped the goblet, and started back as though he had seen a spirit.

"Who are you?" he cried, gazing upon her in wonder and astonishment.

"Dixon," she returned, while her whole frame quivered, and her hands were clasped before her, "don't you know me?"

"*Know you?*" repeated the pirate, springing forward and seizing the woman by the arm. "By my soul, I think I do. It has been many years—many long, long years—but I know thee. Thou art Annabella!"

"Yes," she murmured; and as she spoke she would have clasped the pirate-chieftain about the arms, but he put her quickly off.

"No, no, false woman!" he cried. "Touch me not? Thou art perjured before God and man!"

"I am not perjured," she eagerly answered.

"Hold. Do not add falsehood to your other crimes, Annabella. Had you come to me, thus, even twenty years ago. I might have listened. But not now. See the pit into which I have fallen. See the race I have run."

"Do not cast me off so," plead the frantic woman. "Listen to me. I would have come to thee as thou hast said, but I thought thee dead."

"Dead?" repeated the pirate.

"Aye—I was made to believe that the storm and tempest had borne you down into the deep valley of the shadow of death."

"Is this true?" asked Grunker, with a brighter eye and clearer brow.

"'Tis true as heaven is true. Oh! Dixon, distrust me not. They would keep you from me—they would have me know nothing of your presence here—but I have outwitted them. They fear you—they fear me—they would poison you——"

"Ha!—poison!" cried the pirate, with a start.

"Aye—but I have saved you. It is that flagon. You have not touched it?"

"No.—And this is my pay for the service I have rendered. But there may be no service after all; for I should wonder not if the troublesome ones yet fell back upon their hands. Annabella—by heaven, I want to believe you."

"And will you listen to me?" she asked, clutching him eagerly by the waist.

"Yes, yes."

"Then sit thee down, and I will tell thee all. Not one word of falsehood will I speak—not one word."

And so they sat down—the dying buccaneer and the mother of the earl,—and she told him a strange story of the years that were gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

ON GOING TO BED.

Here's a body—there's a bed!
There's a pillow—here's a head!
There's a curtain—here's a light!
There's a puff—and so good night!

WITHOUT A WIFE.—What a lonely life a man leads without a wife or children! He seems to hang, as it were, a loose, disjointed member upon society, disconnected from the rest of his fellow-beings, by all those household ties which seem to form the connecting links of life.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

People go into the closet, or to some lonely place, and sit down in order, by quiet meditation and questioning of their hearts and consciences, to come to a knowledge of themselves. But they never *do* come to that almost inapproachable state in that manner. The heart is known to be a deceitful organ, and it never deceives anybody else with half the ease that it deceives its owner; as for conscience, *that* is a creature of circumstances. It can as easily be educated to scourge us for right deeds as for wrong ones. Some people have an idea that a man who obeys his conscience is sure to do right. There is hardly a greater mistake than this made in the world. It is the conscience of the Hindoo mother which causes her to cast her babe to the crocodiles, and to prostrate herself to be crushed by the wheels of Juggernaut. In our own land it is conscience that makes walking tombstones of hundreds and thousands of people, who were made to be as genial and merry as the broad, laughing sunshine, and which makes prison-houses of so many otherwise joyous and happy homes.

There is no blinder thing than conscience before its eyes are anointed by the finger of God. There is not in the realm of mind so relentless a tyrant as is conscience, or so self-willed a bigot, till it is taught wisdom by the grace and knowledge of God.

Neither heart nor conscience, therefore, are to be depended on for the work of self-examination.

When a man is shut away by himself, with nobody near to annoy or tempt him, he is very apt to feel calm, meek, patient, and quite in charity with all mankind; and feeling thus, he is *sure* to forget more than one-half of himself as he examines what manner of man he is of; for no other animal is so forgetful as is man. He cannot even remember the looks of his own face, after having beheld it in the glass every day for perhaps forty years. How, then, can he be foolish enough to suppose that he can remember all the ever changing aspects of his mental appearance so as to judge what he really looks like in the eyes of God?

Now, if anybody does honestly desire to know himself, let him just march out of his closet, where he will *never* see himself in his hardest and toughest moods, (for men inevitably grow soft and humble when consciously alone with Him they wish to serve,) and go down stairs to his wife with this question: "Do you think that I am getting more and more or less and less like God?"

Now, if his wife is an honest woman, *and not afraid of him*, he'll get the truth for once in his life. Then let him ask his children what sort of a father they should think God was, *judging from their own father*. For 'tis as a *Father* that God delights to represent himself; "'tis the staple figure of the New Testament," and wo unto that man who *libels to his children the character of God*, by being an unkind and unfaithful parent. Let the man bent on self-knowledge next go to his store, and ask his partner, and the merchants with whom he trades, what they think of his character as a Christian merchant. Let him ask his clerks how they regard him; and by the time *this* examination is ended, the man will, in all human probability, have learned more of himself than if he had dreamed away in his closet, or under the trees, for sixty years. And this sort of self-examination is the right sort, both for men and women. We *ought* to tell each other of our faults, not *fling them up*, but tell them in gentleness and true love. Those persons who soar high in spiritual ecstasies, but whose faces stiffen, and whose eyes grow cold, or flash fire at the least hint that they are faulty; those persons who rejoice to frequent all revived meetings, and there to sing and pray, but who grow no sweeter nor more patient at home; those persons who beset the stranger with affectionate exhortations to reform, but who are the scourge and dread of their own household; who wage no resolute war with their own faults of temper or disposition—who grow no more *lovely* and *winning* as they grow more zealous and religious—*how* dwelleth the love of God in them?

There is no religion real that don't *improve* people. To pray, and preach, and sing won't do, if you snarl and scowl on, and are selfish and tricky as ever. The only true Christianity is that which makes a man grow more and more sweet-tempered and unselfish, aiming always to become like "the Master."

C. S.

PRETTY WIVES.

Young men are always talking about getting pretty wives. It is a very pretty thing to have a pretty wife, if she is also a sensible, womanly wife. My sons are all married, and, as I have a numerous family of them, I've something of an opportunity to judge—now that 'tis too late to better their condition— what sort of wives a certain kind of girls make. I'm sorry to say it, but all but one of my pretty daughter's-in-law are more plague than pleasure to their husbands. They are vain, silly, fidgety, inefficient, fretful, selfish, and exacting. They are jealous, too; and it is the grief of my old age to know that the happiness and the entire comfort of many of my noble sons are wrecked for life. And all because they allowed themselves to be blinded by the glare of youthful beauty, and thus rendered unable to detect, or even to regard what they knew, of the mental deformity of the syrens whom they chose for their wives. It is my heart's grief—but I will not interfere between man and wife, so I must yield my sons to their fate, and leave them to struggle through their trouble as best they can. The day for help from other than God, with them is past; but for the sake of the youth who have not *yet* set their seal upon their life's happiness or misery, I wish to speak out boldly, and enjoin it upon them all, for their own peace's sake—if they would not have their hearts wrung with anguish, mortification and despair as they can now form no idea of, that they see to it that when they marry they mate with one who is possessed of *at least* an average share of common sense, good judgment, magnanimity, and patient, unselfish affection. Try your lover—test him—test her—prove them in some way; but whatever you do, *don't* wed with one whose disposition you do not know except in its company dress.

Often I hear my sons, who have the handsome wives, lamenting that they had not chosen as their brothers did, who chose for the noble and lovely qualities of heart and mind, rather than for the outward appearance; and whose homes are scenes of content and happiness, as perfect as earth is permitted to know. I say I *hear* the lamentations of my unfortunate sons; but it is my *heart* alone that hears, for I have not a son who would put into words the dissatisfaction which, under the same circumstances, no mortal man could fail to *feel*. But no—their hearts hear *quick*, and not a throb of pain can move the child's heart without making its echo in the breast of her who bore him—when she knows and sees the whole cause of his trouble. Oh! ye young, if ye needs must have beauty, take heed that with it ye get wisdom.

G. H.

THE LADY OF LISLE.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I.

You do me wrong, Lady of Lisle!
You hold your white hand out to me,
And look so lovingly the while;
Yet, when I whisper, I love thee,
Lady of Lisle, Lady of Lisle,
You stab me with your scornful smile.

II.

You do me wrong, Lady of Lisle;
You promise with your eyes, and then
When Love interprets sigh and smile,
You take the promise back again.
Lady of Lisle, Lady of Lisle,
Is your white heart quite free from guile?

III.

You do me wrong, Lady of Lisle!
I ask it once and yet again,
What is the meaning of your smile
If love the sign cannot retain?
Lady of Lisle, Lady of Lisle,
I bless yet curse you all the while.

IV.

You do me wrong, Lady of Lisle!
Making me play this cruel part;
Wooing me on, and all the while
Sheathing a dagger in my heart.
Lady of Lisle, Lady of Lisle,
I feel it enter when you smile.

HARRY WILMOT:

OR,

THE HUNTER'S MISHAP.

BY CORA BELL.

Harry Wilmot was indeed the scape-grace or ne'er do well of the busy, thriving, gossiping village of Abingdon; but these are, perhaps, too strong expressions to apply to him—for Harry's faculties for mischief were rather of the negative or passive, than the active kind. He was a tall lumbering young fellow, something over twenty, with a frank, open countenance, and a pair of bold blue eyes that were silent but powerful recommendations in his favor; in fact, good humor and good nature were legibly stamped in every lineament; and were it not for a certain indecision about the mouth, which only a physiognomist could detect, his countenance would have been perfect. His fine figure struck one immediately; nearly six feet three inches in hight, full formed, muscular, athletic; his shoulders wide and evenly spread, falling down in a gentle undulation; his chest deep, ample and swelling, denoting great strength and a powerful constitution. Harry, when he drew himself up to his full hight, was, in symmetry and attitude, a model for a sculptor; but, in general, his appearance was somewhat deficient in grace, having contracted a slight stoop, and a loose, slouching gait, from the habit of throwing a game-bag (which was seldom empty) over one shoulder, burying his head on his breast, and grasping his rifle or a stout stick in his right hand, in which style he was wont to press forward at a rate that no companion could emulate.

Harry Wilmot had graduated with some success as a medical student, but since he left college, though ostensibly engaged in a course of study, his time had been chiefly occupied in fishing, shooting and love-making. He had been brought up by an old aunt, to whose fond indulgence he probably owed some of his careless, lazy habits; but these latter had only been apparent to strangers. The good old lady had lived and died in the devout belief that *her* Harry was the finest, dearest, best young man in the world; in fact, an abridgement of all perfections.

One other person in the village had always most cordially coincided with Mrs. Davis in her appreciation of Harry's merits; and this was Ellie Willis, the Judge's fair daughter. Harry and she had been playmates from childhood; he had been her champion on all occasions of disputed rights—they had gone to school together, had read out of the same book; and when the mysteries of arithmetic and algebra had become too abstruse for poor little Ellie's brain, Harry had either flung a ray of light on the subject, or had cut the gordian knot by "fixin" the sum or problem himself. Growing up, they had met each other too often at bees, quiltings, berry and nutting excursions, and all those delightful social gatherings where young and old meet together in the country, not to fall irretrievably in love.

Ellie had many admirers, and love certainly did not blind their eyes when they said that she was beautiful, for a more bewitching maiden never threw the apple of discord among lovers. She was small—and we were going to say light as a fairy—but, no, she was round, plump, and would have been no inconsiderable weight for a hero of romance to carry; her face, too, was of that style of beauty which owes its chief charm to youth, and consists rather in color, freshness and expression, than in regularity of features; but then there was some peculiar charm about her that riveted the attention, and gained her such a number of adorers. Some said it lay in her brown, laughing eyes, and the coquettish way she had of shaking back from her rosy cheeks a quantity of sunny ringlets; others, that she was always so gay and animated, that she made every one happy that came near her.

Harry did not monopolize Ellie, yet it seemed tacitly underderstood in the village that they were lovers; indeed, he was sometimes so provokingly indifferent, or rather, good-natured, as to let Ellie flirt as much as she liked; in fact, his disposition somewhat resembled that of the lion, and he required to be thoroughly aroused before he gave combat.

But Harry's aunt died, leaving him a few hundred dollars, the hoarded savings of a life time; and the wise gossips of Abingdon now confidently predicted that Harry Wilmot would "jist take a start to git married, and open a drug store." Great was their astonishment then, when rumor related one morning that the romantic pair had taken French leave of the obdurate Judge, and having had the nuptial knot hastily tied, had set off to make a home for themselves in the far West.

Yes, with many a tear and stifled sob, gentle Ellie Willis had left father, mother, home, and all the pleasures and comforts of civilization, to live with Harry in the wild woods—and wild, indeed, was the spot that the gay, thoughtless lover had selected. So, mountainous—or as the man he purchased it from, said—"kind o' slantin'," that any practical common-sense settler would have rejected it at once. But Harry saw with love illumined eyes, here was a combination of rural attractions, that Ellie and he for many a weary day had talked and dreamed of—but vainly hoped to find—a spot where two fond hearts centered in themselves alone could live and die supremely happy.

"Such splendid old trees, Ellie, just what you like; they group together like a park, allowing you to get here and there a glimpse of the green turf—at least they will when I clear away the brushwood. And I have had such a pretty log hut built for you, all of new tulipwood. You shall have a garden, dear, and in time a park; and then there is such a magnificent sweep of mountains right before our door, wreathed at morn and evening with gold and azure clouds. You know you love mountains, Ellie; and there is a deep glen near us, too, with a splendid stream of water running right through it."

Woody and glenny and streamy enough in all conscience it was to satisfy the most ardent lover of the picturesque; but little Ellie, as Harry loved to call her, was charmed with his description, and still more so when she saw the place—for, to do him justice, he had not been so deeply in love as to have quite forgotten mundane comforts.

The house had been neatly furnished, and even a little black help had been thought of and hired previous to his wife's arrival. Ellie was delighted at the novelty of everything in her new home; she laughed, sang, ran her rosy fingers into the wall and pulled out the soft green moss used to stuff the crevices, and mischievously twisted it into Harry's whiskers; rested herself in succession upon each of the rough pine chairs, which she declared were the very perfection of sylvan cabinet-making. She was only eighteen, a romantic age, and yet one in which the volatile spirits of the girl are gradually merging into the thoughtfulness of the woman. Though not a whit less sentimental than Harry, she had been brought up by a careful mother, and possessed much more practical views of life, and its imperative cares and duties, than her husband. The second day in her new home showed her the want of a hundred comforts and conveniences absolutely necessary—cooking utensils, crockery, closets, &c., which Harry had totally forgotten. She sighed involuntarily, too, as she stood at the door and saw the very small space that had yet been cleared. There could be no garden there this year, she mentally said.

But Ellie was a brave little girl, and though she knew that Harry was impulsive and fiery, and when he did work was apt to engage in enterprises he was just as ready to relinquish, she had great faith in him. She remembered, too, many a story of the early pioneers, those adventurous missionaries of civilization who penetrated into regions hitherto untrodden, save by the foot of Indian; and she recollected that many of those brave men had been blessed with partners, who were helpmates, indeed—and she determined to be such to her dear Harry. Not a murmur, therefore, escaped her lips, and when Harry came in the evening almost blubbering like a great school boy with the pain of his hands, cut and stript by the unwonted ax labor, she kissed the huge paws, and, with tears and smiles, bathed and bandaged them.

She had learned spinning in idle sport, and now it proved a most valuable gift, the clothes they had brought with them promising soon to become utterly useless, as they invariably left a fragment of them fluttering on the bushes or sticking to the rough chairs and tables. Wool, cotton and a spinning wheel, though difficult to get at first, were perfect treasures to Ellie, and she and Dinah soon made an ample supply of shirts, gowns, and blouses, of substantial homespun. Every one knows the importance, the sacredness of having a home of one's own, and even in the wilderness the young wife took a pleasure in housekeeping. The cottage was kept neat as a baby-house, and even the coarse slabs of wood that formed the floor were kept scrubbed and white. Harry, in the first ecstacy of his heart, worked like a horse, and actually completed two pieces of furniture which Ellie declared were worth all the rest in the house, viz, a cupboard, and a sofa, a really comfortable article, formed of a frame of wood, with a piece of deer skin tightly stretched.

But the work of clearing those splendid old trees, proceeded very slowly. The nearest neighbor was twenty miles off, yet a couple of them kindly came over and helped him; yet they rather discouraged poor Ellie, who felt her little heart at times beginning to swell at the overwhelming nature of her new duties, by saying that none but a fool would have bought land so "plaguly *stunny*, and that they jist thought they wer'nt the kind of folk to git along." A patch of corn being sown, it was left to take care of itself, and Harry got along by taking to the woods, at first, with the view of varying and increasing their provisions; afterwards, from mere habit, as the old nomadic spirit revived within him. The ground remained untilled, but his unerring rifle procured them plenty of wild turkeys, game, rabbits, &c., which the culinary skill of Ellie manufactured into savory and delicious messes.

But she wished her husband to become a real practical farmer, and she implored him again and again to devote his attention to agriculture. Harry promised—but the next morning saw him shoulder his game-bag and rifle, and start for the woods, leaving the poor girl to sit sewing, in lonely solitude, at her cabin door, picturing to herself the difference it would make in her feelings to see her brave Harry with spade or hoe, working in view of her, to leaving her there, thinking, as the shadows began to darken on the mountains, that bears or Indians had devoured him.

But an incident shortly occurred that effectually cured Harry of his passion for hunting. One day he perceived a fat stag grazing by the side of a mountain. He determined to have him; but the noble animal led him a long and arduous chase over the whole ridge of mountains; sometimes stopping almost within range, and scratching with his hoofs the moss-covered sides, he would eat slowly in utter unconsciousness of danger; again looking up, would send his piercing gaze around, as if to mark that no enemy was on his track. Harry crept cautiously up the winding hollows, and putting balls in both barrels, he threw himself flat on the stony ground, and fired. But, to his astonishment, the stag snuffed the air, and bounding off, the next moment was at the opposite side of the mountains. The hunter's blood was up; he loaded again, and sprang forward in pursuit. He was just in sight of the stag, who, no way dismayed, was leisurely picking his way up the slope of the mountains. He crept forward, and was about to fire, when suddenly his feet slipped through the tangled brushwood, into some huge fissure in the side of the mountain. He vainly tried to recover himself by grasping convulsively at the shrubs; but the impetus was too great; down he went crashing—he knew not to what depth—till he found himself in a large, dark cave.

Though somewhat scratched, he was more startled and annoyed than hurt. He held his rifle still in his hand; and the moment he recovered from the shock of the fall, with the instinct of a hunter he took a survey of the place into which he had fallen. It was a large cave, nearly dark, except a pale gleam which came from the sides, and which appeared to proceed from some sparry incrustations. A kind of long, narrow pillar jutted out from the wall, just near the opening he had fallen through. Harry surveyed it with mingled uneasiness and satisfaction. There was a bare possibility of his getting up that long, smooth thing—grasping the shrubs, which grew nearly down into the orifice, and swinging himself out; but then he was an expert climber, and it was lucky it should be just there, for he saw no other outlet from the cavern.

While rapidly making these reflections, his eye had just accustomed itself to the darkness. Suddenly he thought he heard a low growl, and words cannot express his horror when he beheld a bear of the largest size slowly advancing from the remote end of the cave.

Harry felt that hemmed in in that dreadful hole, all was over with him; so despair more than courage made him fire. Quick as thought the bullet whizzed through the air. It struck the bear in the neck, but only in such a manner as to arouse him to increased ferocity. Uttering a terrible growl, the savage brute reared upward, and bounded forward towards him on his hind legs. Harry fired again; but, in the trepidation of the moment, he did not take aim at any vital spot, and an inconsiderable wound only still more irritated the enraged animal. But Harry was in the bloom of youth, and, as we have said, possessed of almost the strength of a Hercules; and stung to madness by the prospect of a horrible death, and the thought that his beloved Ellie would forever remain in ignorance of his fate, he vowed to tear the bear asunder with his hands and teeth before he yielded up his life. Already he felt the steaming breath of the animal—a thousand thoughts of Ellie and his little home crowded in brief agony to his heart. With a frantic yell he bounded to the combat. One blow from his clubbed rifle, whilst it nearly shivered the weapon, permitted a partial avoidance of that terrible hug—only for a moment. With a hoarse growl, the bear again advanced. Harry had his long, keen hunting-knife ready, the edge of which he remembered he had whetted on the grind-stone the previous night. The brute was already bleeding profusely, and he determined to close with him in a grapple, and stab him to the heart. He bent forward, concentrating his whole strength and energy for the blow; but the bear dashed madly forward, parried the thrust by stooping his huge head, and with one tremendous buffet hurled the knife to the other end of the cavern.

Harry threw his arms wildly over his head as he found himself locked in that deadly embrace.

They rolled over and over on the ground, but though at intervals half suffocated, the hunter's arms being at liberty, his enormous strength had full scope. Almost excited to madness, with the muscular strength of a giant he clutched and tore at the throat of the bear, and though every stroke of those terrible paws rent the clothing and flesh in ribbands from his body, he struggled with undiminished vigor to release himself. He had partially succeeded, when the bear again seized him, and beating both hands down, held him almost immovable in his vice-like gripe. The blood was pouring so fast from his wounds that Harry felt that even his iron strength was declining, when suddenly he perceived that they had struggled to within a few feet of his precious knife. He made a desperate effort to release one arm, and with his heart almost bursting, and his eyeballs starting from their sockets, he tugged himself and the huge brute to it. He caught it—and none but a hunter can appreciate the cry of joy and gratitude that sprang from his lips as he seized it. Again and again he plunged it into every available spot of the bear's body; but he was literally bathed in the blood of the animal before it became weak enough to release him.

He tottered into a corner of the cavern, and looked wildly around him, lest there might be another. He glanced up at the opening; how could he climb it now? His stout leathern shirt had been literally torn from his back, and his arms, shoulders, and almost entire body were covered with gaping wounds.

In the excitement of the conflict he had felt comparatively little pain, but now his agony and thirst became intolerable.

The dropping of some water from the roof encouraged him, and after some search he found a small pool, clear and deliciously cold. A copious draught somewhat strengthened him, and he essayed to climb the pillar. He found it easier than he anticipated, his feet clinging readily to the projections in the rock. Twice he slipped when near the top, cutting his already lacerated hands more deeply; but each time he thought of his beloved wife, now more inexpressibly dear to him than ever, and he tried again. One convulsive grasp at the shrubs, (which luckily were not brittle, but of a kind of osier or twig much valued by the hunters, as often enabling them to maintain their footing in difficult places,) one effort of superhuman strength, and he swung himself through the opening.

Faint and panting, the young hunter threw his bleeding body on the soft, green turf that covered the side of the mountain, and looked in the direction of his home. The evening sun was throwing long lines of slanting radiance over the western mountains, flashing in gleams of yellow light through the gnarled branches of the old forest trees, whose gray, moss-covered trunks rose proudly, like columns of some ancient temple. The sky was beautifully blue and cloudless, and the fresh, pure air smelt like incense after the close, charnel smell of the cavern. Birds with brilliant plumage of green and gold were singing their evening hymn among the branches, and a startled hare glided from beneath a piece of rock, and skipped away. Harry marked the minutest object as he glanced around; he drew a deep inspiration, and with moistened eyes, a deep and fervent prayer of thankfulness burst from his lips.

Fortunately home was not far distant, and buoyed on by hope and gratitude, the poor fellow tottered on, half blinded by the blood which streamed from a wound in his head, and dying the ground crimson at every step. When near home, the terrible thought struck him that his poor, timid wife would die of fright on beholding him. But the loving, faithful girl had already seen him from the cabin door.

She who changed color at seeing a bird die, had thrown her white arms round that bloody, ghastly figure, and guided his faltering steps to the door.

He was laid on a bed, a cordial applied to his lips, and his wounds washed and bandaged, before a single question escaped from those pale, quivering lips.

Despite of Harry's youth and almost iron constitution, it was some weeks before he rose from his lowly couch. But an old Indian squaw, who possessed a sovereign skill in healing such wounds, and the careful nursing of his gentle wife, brought him through at length.

He rose up with a firm determination to eschew bear hunting, and, indeed, hunting and shooting in general, and to apply himself heartily to Ellie's darling scheme of farming. A few years of steady, successful industry enabled him to rejoice in his decision. He grew rich and prosperous; the little cabin gave place to a handsome farm-house, flanked with barns and out-houses, and surrounded with orchards and fields. His example induced new settlers to arrive. Cultivation transformed the dense forests into fertile fields and rich pasturage; village after village sprang up with unexpected rapidity. Large roads were laid out to distant settlements, mills were erected, bridges flung over impracticable rivers, churches, stores and taverns built, and in the lonely, unfrequented wilderness where Harry Wilmot, twenty years ago, erected his humble log hut, now stands an embryo city, possessing all the adjuncts which we deem necessary to comfort and civilization.

"SHE WON'T HEAR ME."

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"I wish that you would talk to my daughter, sir. You know all the circumstances of her case, and perhaps can have some influence for good over her. She won't listen to anything that *I* can say. I feel that my child is on the high road to ruin, and my heart is almost breaking at her conduct and her danger, but 'tis useless for me to reason with her. She won't hear *me*."

What words were these to be wrung, by a daughter's obstinate misconduct, from the lips of an affectionate mother.

"She won't hear *me*." Alas! who then will she hear? Who, if her *mother* cannot, will be able to turn, even for a moment, her ear away from listening to the charming of the serpent that is drawing her nearer and nearer to his deadly embrace.

She will not listen to her whose eyes were the first that watched over her infancy, and which have grown dim with many tears shed for her sake—she will not listen to her whose heart has never beat one throb that was not true to her and her real interests—to the mother whose bosom was her cradle and her home in her helpless years, and which yearns over her now, with unutterable love, pity, and anguish; will not listen to her who labors for her by day, and dreams of her by night—who prays for her, with one unceasing prayer, wearying the very heavens for blessings upon her child, who would wear her own life out without a murmur or regret to save her, or to do her good. *This* is *the friend* to whom the infatuated girl will not listen. And why not? What being has she found that is to be regarded in preference to her mother; for whose sake *her mother* is to be grieved and disobeyed—to be suffered to go all day long in heaviness, and all the night in sorrow and disquiet? To be made to weep and sigh, and to be in bitterness over the ingratitude and the insane folly of the once sweet solace and pleasure of her heart—her dear and only daughter. Who is he! What marvel of desirableness must he be?

Oh! he is "a perfect gentleman,"—a high minded and honorable man, who sneaks in at one door of her mother's house, and sneaks out at another; who waits for her at all the corners, and dodges in and out of dark alleys to watch unseen for her coming—who incites her to all manner of degrading and disagreeable manœuvers in order to meet or to communicate with him; who tempts her to deceive and equivocate, if not to lie outright, and to break the Sabbath, by using its sacred hours for making arrangements in regard to their secret intercourse—who has a principle which causes him to "imbibe" whenever he is so disposed, and to *continue* to imbibe until he has a very considerable degree of difficulty in discovering and entering his own quarters at midnight or morning; who, on the whole, is known about town, as "one of 'em," a person of whom all young men warn their sisters and their cousins, and one whose attentions are sure to cause any girl to be regarded with suspicion and disrespect. *This* is the creature for whose sake the misguided girl is breaking her mother's heart.

Well—let her go her own way, if she will go it. If, for her mother's sake, she will not try to turn from her folly and bewilderment; if, when she knows that the truest and most tender heart that ever beat on earth for her is suffering more than words can express, suffering what causes that dear face to change faster than the years, or the gray hairs and hollows of time ever made it change, she will not be likely to heed what others may say; and she will marry the creature that seems to her heated and dazzled imagination so perfect, (though to others he may look like a hairy spider on grasshopper's legs,) that is, she will marry him if he so pleases, which he probably will *not* please, unless it be out of spite to those who have opposed his attentions to her.

Then, when her mother's sore and disappointed heart shall be at rest, when those loving eyes shall have forever done with weeping, and can look kindly on her no more—when her dear mother shall have gone where the thankless daughter can never either rejoice or grieve her more—when she lies dead and in her quiet grave, that daughter will repent of her sins.

When the man who played the mean sneak, the spiteful annoyer, while he was a lover, has proved to his wife's cost that he can play the faithless, and and worthless (if not the harsh and violent) husband with equal ease, and SHE is broken-hearted, then, oh! *then* she will sadly and remorsefully recall her youthful days, and think of the wrongs she heaped on her poor mother. Ah! it will then be the turn of the ungrateful child to mourn and be in bitterness. Why, oh! *why* will she so recklessly and blindly lay the sure foundation for a weight of woe, which shall crush her when it settles back upon her heart?

MISUNDERSTOOD.

How easy a thing it is to misunderstand and misjudge people. What bitter and grievous wrong we often do to each other. We look on "the outward appearance" of a thing, (though even of that we can see but a small part,) and so we judge, and, having judged, cast out of our sympathy and kindly regard our brother or our sister who is very likely better than we.

Hasty, heady, and selfish, is man—even at the best. Oh, how often he grows weary even of himself. In his better moments, seeing what a savage and a tyrant, what a hard-faced and harder hearted creature he often is, he feels hatred and disgust at himself, and wonders, with unutterable wonder, that any mortal can at all love or desire him; he is overwhelmed and crushed almost into infidelity, at the idea that he is an object of the love of God. It is indeed incomprehensible how infinite purity *can* love the impure and unlovely creature, man. How can He continue to love a creature who all the days of his life is hurting and hating his brother? How can His compassionate judgment be ever taking at their best those who run greedily, or, at least, hastily, to take each other at their worst?

Not only are we harsh and merciless to each other's actual evil deeds, but we account blunders as ignorances, mistaken though well meant efforts of kindness as sins; and we pelt, with worse than stones, whoever among us may have tripped by the way. A man, a few days since, speaking of calumny, said with an evident feeling that he was perfectly right in his conviction, that it was foolish to think, for a moment, that any person's character could be effectually blackened before the world unless he were guilty. "I never fear scandal," he said, proudly. "I know it is impossible that it should touch *me*, for I give no occasion to it."

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." What *would* that man think could he be enlightened as to *one-tenth part* of all that is upon the social air respecting him. Where a man like the Nazarene was so utterly destroyed (in a worldly sense) by scandal and false judgment, it would *seem* to a reflective mind that it required *something like* presumption to assert that anybody else is absolutely safe therefrom. Suspicion is indigenous to the human mind, malice is a natural growth thereof; and the ravening and destroying element is so strong and fierce that it takes bit and bridle, and God's right hand upon the reins to keep it *at all* in check. If He were once to let go His hold we should not need to *die* to be in perdition. A. M.

VANITY OF GREATNESS.

The history of Abdoulrahman III., Caliph of Cordovi, is like a tale of Eastern splendor with an Eastern moral at the end. To gratify the vanity of a favorite slave, he built a town and called it after her name, Zehra, which signifies the ornament of the world. There were in its palace one thousand and fourteen columns of African and Spanish marble; nineteen from Italian quarries, and one hundred and forty beautiful enough to be presents from the Greek emperor. The marble walls of the hall of the Caliph were inlaid with gold. Birds and beasts of gold, studded with jewels, spouted water into a marble basin in its centre: the basin was the work of the best Greek sculptors; and above it hung the great pearl which had been sent to Abdoulrahman by the emperor Leon. The extent of the building may be imagined by that of his seraglio, which contained six thousand and three hundred persons. This was his favorite abode. After the chase, to which twelve hundred horsemen always accompanied him, he used to rest in a pavilion in the gardens. The pillars were of pur white marble; the floor of gold, and steel, and jewelry; and in the midst there was a fountain of quicksilver. Yet Abdoulrahman left a writing which contained this testimony against the vanity of the world: "From the moment when I began to reign, I have recorded those days in which I enjoyed real and undisturbed pleasure; they amount to fourteen. Mortal man, consider what this world is, and what dependence is to be placed upon its enjoyments! Nothing seems wanting to my happiness; riches, honors, to say every thing, sovereign power. I am feared and esteemed by my contemporary princes: they envy my good fortune; they are jealous of my glory; they solicit my friendship. Fifty years have I reigned, and in so long a course of time, can count but fourteen days, which have not been poisoned by some vexation."

THE HEART.

What an inscrutable mystery is the human heart. Therewith bless we and therewith curse we man, even our brother.

What can be more tender, gentle and loving than the heart of man? and what can be half so pitiless?

Oh! no rock that ever reared its hard front above the sea could stand more unshaken while the stormy winds dashed the poor waves against its sides, and scattered them abroad in ten million drops, or beat them into wreaths of foam, than men can stand while against them, as against rugged granite, other men are beat and broken. They feel the quivering flesh; their hard sides are wetted by the blood of those that the winds of fate beat and dash against them; they will see their fellows panting out life at their very feet; they will look upon them and see how, throb by throb, hope, love and life go out, and they will not care; they will feel no sympathy, no pain; they will not put out a finger, they will not abate one line in the rigidity of their face, to save the unfortunates from destruction. Who would think that these were men who have *no hope* except in the mercy and compassion of God? Who would think that they were men who, in other moods, would be thrown into great distress at beholding somebody in mere physical pain, or be moved to pity by the crying of a hungry kitten?

When once men set themselves to be hard-hearted, they can be so; but they never can do it without injury to themselves. They may not be aware of this at the time, but they will see it all clearly enough by-and-by. It is a sad calamity to be made without force and resolution, but there will be a short and more easily balanced account with the weak and over gentle, than that which will at the last appal the obstinate and the hard-hearted. Be gentle, be genial to all who look to you for help.

BE PLEASANT.

Do be pleasant—why can't you? Will you feel any better for snapping, snarling, or growling? You *know* you won't. If your heart was really a dirty dish, and ugly emotions and cross words were the uncleanness, it would be a good plan to get them all out as fast as possible, but unfortunately there can be no such sudden cleansing of a man's interior. The more objectionable stuff he throws out, the more there grows to replace it—'tis only *smothering and choking* that suits this case. Speak pleasantly, then, *especially* to people in any respect beneath you—whether they be inferior to you in rank, learning, power, age, wealth, or *only in sex*, try always to be pleasant towards them whether you really feel good natured or not. If you get your mouth open to throw out a spike or a dagger, shut it till you can, like the juggler, transform the weapon into a flower. Oh! *do* be kind and pleasant, everybody to everybody, and the millennium will come at once.

TO THE PURE ALL IS PURE.

The putrid spider converts that to poison which the bee works to honey; and it is thus that man has, at different times, debased and injured all he has touched, and lowered the most glorious pursuits to the level of his own corruption. Music, fit amusement for angels, has ministered to voluptuousness; painting to the grossest impurity; poetry has forgotten its noble nature to sing of forbidden things; and even botany, a study which unfolds the wonderful economy of nature, displays its beautiful regularity, and is conversant with those lovely and harmless things, the flowers of the field, conveys to some unhappy minds thoughts most unlike the pureness of the lily, or the sweetness of the rose. There are minds, however, of a different stamp, minds which adorn and enrich all they touch, which can learn wisdom from a flower, piety from a blade of grass, can find "sermons in stones, and good in everything."

HOW TO MAKE A SHORT SUMMER.—Give a note in the spring, payable in the fall. You will find that fall will be here as soon as you are ready for it.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NATURE WITH MAN—MAN WITH NATURE.

Who that looks at the splendid natural advantages of our great city, can resist the conclusion that it is capable of becoming in every respect the metropolis of the world? Look at the glorious rivers washing either side of the Island—the beautiful environs for health and pleasure—the salubrious Ocean with his billows crouching as if in homage at our feet—all around us rural districts as fertile as any in the world—and as a climax to the whole, the wonderful iron horse bringing scores of States, and the majestic steamer drawing the old continents within such quick and vital sensuous, moral and mental reach of the imperial fingers of the Queen city. And then the already splendid foundations of superb libraries—the number and commodiousness of our churches—the unequaled conveniences of our hotels—the large aggregation here of the intellect of the Union. In view of all this, and a theoretically beneficent National and State government, what a splendid prospect irradiates our future, if (*ah!* that word "*if*") we would destroy the cancer sores which are eating into the vitals of the commercial, social, political (in one sense) and artistic capital of the New World. Are so many of our streets still to send up their reeking malaria?—hundreds of rowdies still to riot in our midst, and fester, unpurified or unbanished?—innumerable nuisances still impudently and fearlessly to annoy the respectable dwelling and the holy temple?—a belief by thousands in the impossibility of reforming municipal corruption, still to prophecy final ruin, or at least still to deprive us of all hope of a reasonable approach to cleanliness, order and morality? For shame! With the extraordinary bounties showered on us by Nature properly applied, and our freedom properly used, not infamously abused, our city might glow a mural Paradise around its hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, while it shed its physical, moral and mental radiance across the Ocean—a cynosure to the world.

"NOW AMD THEN."

A ludicrous, unwritten story is told of an honest Pennsylvania German, who agreed that one of his field-hands should have the privilege of imitating his own unfortunate habit of "smoking and drinking a little, now and then," and was cured by a most practical burlesque, the lazy fellow spending nearly all the working hours with the pipe and the bottle, *now* taking a swig from the one, *then* a whiff from the other, meanwhile

"Seasoning his whiffs with impertinent jokes"

at the expense of his employer, and yet insisting on it that he was keeping his contract to the letter, by only "drinking and smoking, now and then!"

What better are thousands of people, who would think themselves insulted, were we to point them to the lesson of this story, as "holding the mirror up to nature" for them? As they give their lives up to criminal folly, they try to persuade themselves that they are only sinning "now and then." Spending their money for luxuries injurious as well as dispensable, when chided for it by some friend, they reply, that they only thus gratify their false appetites "now and then."

So with other bad habits, such as swearing, gambling, &c. To hear the apologies of the indulgers, you would come to the conclusion that they were wondrously proper people in every respect—in fact, almost paragons in abstemiousness and self-control, while they are really the victims of vice and folly, their "now and then" making up the sum total of their worse than wasted lives!

THE WANE OF THE HOOP.

The "dress-hoop" is on the wane—not in size, but in fashionableness. The ladies who give the tone to fashion are discarding hoops. On the other hand, servant-girl-dom is becoming rabid on the subject, and dilates with fearful ring-aroundisms. The more vulgar the woman, the larger her hoops. As you go down in the social scale, you are imperilled by the rolling crush of the hogshead and puncheon patterns with which vain and ignorant females delight to enclose themselves. Barring the needless expense to which such an absurd taste subjects these poor creatures, the monopoly by them of the hoop may be considered a blessing, as they will soon put an end to it altogether

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

The ladies of the United States are making immense efforts to raise funds sufficient to rescue the Tomb of Washington from the greed of private speculation, that it may be kept forever as a spot sacred to the memory of the "Father of his Country," without let or hindrance to every visitant. This is a most praiseworthy undertaking, with which every woman in the land will heartily sympathise. A dollar-subscription entitles the subscriber to a life-membership in the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union," in whose charge the Tomb and two hundred acres of the adjacent grounds will be placed.

WOMAN AND ART.

While the LEDGER confesses to chronic shuddering under the sound of many *isms* of the day, which seem to it entirely subversive of the real interests and true career of woman, its pages bear weekly witness of its belief in the strength of her mind, the beauty of her soul, and the power of her character in urging on, with man, the garlanded cars of art and the moral progress of the race. Outside of the departments of exertion afforded by the idiosyncrasies of the LEDGER, we always hail with joy the success of woman in mentality. No one acknowledged the transcendent merits of Rosa Bonheur with more alacrity than ourselves. In art, with its delicate expressions, spiritual meanings and graceful appliances, we see a wide and glorious field for woman. Why not have Hemanses, Edgeworths and Carys with the pencil as well as with the pen? Until quite lately, we are aware, but few thought women capable of high art: aside from very modern proofs to the contrary, a late glance which we gave to plastic studies in the past corrects the error. Pliny makes honorable mention of Timarata, one of whose pictures was exhibited at Ephesus. Cirene, Aristarite and Calypso flourished as female artists in the time of Alexander the Great. To the latter is attributed a beautiful little picture found in Pompeii—"A mother superintending the toilet of her daughters." A lady named Laya, who flourished about one hundred years before Christ, gained reputation as a painter of female portraits, and by many is regarded as the precursor of all miniature painters of modern times. Sabina Von Steinbach practiced the sublime art of sculpture in Germany, as early as 1405; and her father, Erwin Von Steinbach, the famous artist of the cathedral of Strasbourg, entrusted to her much of the ornamental part of his stupendous undertaking. On one of the scrolls held by the Apostle John, in sculpture, are the following lines in Latin:

"May the grace of God fall to thy share, Sabina,
Whose hands have formed my image out of this hard stone."

When Sabina attended to see the statues deposited in their niches, the archbishop, followed by all his priests, came to meet her, and placed upon her brow a garland of laurel, consecrated by his own hand. Of the illustrious Angelica Kauffman, and many other female artists, we have no room to speak, and for the same reason we must, for the present at least, omit mention of a countrywoman who is now in Rome, exhibiting a brilliant and unique genius for expressing high and lovely thought and aspiration with the magic chisel and the beautiful Parian, from whose quarry the glorious sculptors of old drew *materiel* which still charms the world as it embodies the emotions of piety or the grandeurs of heroism.

"GOLD!"

No sound on earth will arouse attention more quickly or thoroughly than the sound of "gold." The intense and all-pervading excitement which has followed the discoveries of gold in various quarters of the globe, from Ophir and Guinea to Australia and California, has given abundant evidence of this.

The Psalmist has declared wisdom to be better than gold, and the Apostle to the Gentiles has warned mankind against building on it as a foundation for happiness, and yet behold what a mastery gold holds over the race! As for their "wisdom," the mere mention of a fresh discovery seems sufficient to destroy it, and fill their minds with folly almost equal to that of Midas, himself. California fever has left saddest memories of this influence—aye, the most painful realizations, reaching to the present time, and piercing many a bereaved home and heart to the center.

And now we hear the sound of "gold" again, as it comes booming from newly discovered placers! See how our adventurous people prick their ears at the sound!

At the announcement that "gold" had been discovered on Frazer river, wiseacres, in editorial closets, essayed to demonstrate that the difficulties of access by our people were well-nigh insurmountable. And yet we already see announcements of steamers and sailing vessels "direct for Frazer River." Such is the indomitable enterprise and energy of people who acknowledge no such word as "impossible," or fail, in any such case as this!

As we watch this new movement, we cannot help experiencing mingled and contradictory emotions of joyous pride at the indomitable will thus exhibited—distinctively and characteristically "Yankee" as it is—and of fear for the unsettling and demoralizing effect upon the young.

VAGABONDISM!

That is a word which we dislike much to encounter—much more to write. Badly as it should sound everywhere, there is a special reason for our intolerance of it in this country.

America is the last country, on God's broad and beautiful earth, where vagabonds should be found and tolerated. In lands less free from partiality to the few at the expense of the many, there might be some ground for toleration, or at least for commiseration. But here, where there is so wide a field for usefulness, and such great freedom of choice and action, vagrancy, in every form, is in utter contradiction to our whole political policy and our practical life.

We speak, now, of vagabondism in the widest sense of the word, and not as illustrated by such as are wont to wander about from place to place, moneyless and friendless as well as soulless. Were *these* the only vagabonds, they might be safely left to go their way as "walking epistles" of warning to all tempted to follow in their footsteps. But they are not. The young man who sleeps on a downy, canopied bed, in some fashionable avenue, for which the energies of another's head and hands have paid, and feeds on daintiest food paid for by the same, is, in principle, as much of a vagabond as the worthless mockery of manhood who snoozes on the hard planks of a police station, and begs, or spunges, his food from industrious men. For objectlessness of life is as much a trait of genuine vagabondism as homelessness. This should not be forgotten by the young. And they should remember that, with no life-object, the vagabond would be not the less deserving of the name, but rather the more, were his father a Crœsus.

DON'T DO IT LADIES.

Don't treat men who give you their seats in cars, omnibusses, and ferryboats, with such studied impoliteness. *Look* grateful, whether you be cross or good-natured. "Assume a virtue if you have it not." And when a passenger leaves a public conveyance don't at once spread your skirts to their greatest amplitude, so the gentlemen who had got up to give you seats cannot sit down and rest their weary limbs. Don't look so cross at each other when you have to "move along" to give each other seats. Don't do it ladies. Be amiable, be agreeable, be lovely, and then you will be beloved.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER I.

If there is a feeling akin to Heaven, it is to reach home after a long journey. And this I take to be quite consistent with great enjoyment of all the beautiful things and places one has seen in one's absence—aye, and people, too. To sit down in your own dear old chair, and kick your slippers across the room; to talk without being overheard; to eat with only those whom you love about you—for this promiscuous hotel-feeding is repulsive to me beyond the power of expression. I think I am peculiar on this point, but it seems to me as great an individual profanation as to admit the same number of people to see you perform your toilette for dinner. That there are people to whom it is one of the delights of travel to sit down to such hecatombs of food with such a menagerie of human beings, I am well aware. I am not one of them.

The first place we visited was Saratoga; don't be frightened. I leave "New York correspondents" of newspapers all over the country, to give fabulous accounts of fabulous belles, and the number of their lovers, which will very generally be found to correspond with the number of their trunks. I am not going to venture on so hackneyed a theme, hotel life being the same at Saratoga as anywhere else—simply one eternal dress and eat. The *place itself* was what I went to see—the springs—the grounds—not the peacocks that were in them. The ornamental grounds attached to the springs are very lovely and attractive, as well as faultlessly kept, affording abundant opportunities to sighing lovers and bread-and-butter maidens. Contrary to my expectations, I found the waters very palatable, though, were I compelled by fashion to wash down my morning orisons with ten or twelve tumblers full, I might change my mind. It is curious how long they have bubbled up there, as freely as now, the Indians having partaken of them a fabulous time back. The fountain might be made more attractive, did some pretty girl do the tumbler-dipping for visitors, instead of the matter-of-fact jacket and trowsers who handed it to us—I merely throw this in as a suggestion. We stepped into a shop opposite the springs, to see the operation of bottling and corking the waters performed by machinery; the celerity with which this was accomplished was very gratifying to my Yankee chain-lightning notion of things, and being a Yankee, of course it was not out of my line to think what a very nice piece of property it must be to hold, for this and other palpable reasons. I trust all the sentimental Misses who have had "offers" over those tumblers of water will forgive me.

Stepping into one or two shops in the village, to hunt up some nick-nacks for a dear little girl at home, I encountered some familiar New York shop faces. One woman told me that she hired a shop there every year during "the season," and that many other New-Yorkers did the same, retreating again when the tide of fashion set city-ward. They calculate rightly—the shopping mania never will be burned out of woman while there is a timber left of her; and were there nothing but an old horse-blanket in the village, she would buy it, if she had to throw it away the next minute. I wish it to be understood that I do not share this furore of my sex, as I never enter a shop of my own free will, until my clothes show signs of dropping off my back unless replaced.

The lady visitors at Saratoga get themselves up most stunningly, to walk through the streets to the springs, with their white embroidered petticoats peeping from beneath their rainbow-colored silk morning-dresses, and black lace vails thrown Spanish fashion over their heads, making unhandsome faces, if only refined, look picturesque. This annual wave of folly, said I, must send its ripples farther than the circumference of this village. I had hardly made the remark, before two barrel-shaped country lasses passed, with tawdry, cheap imitations in delaine, of the Saratoga silk morning-dress, and with coarse black vails thrown round their sunburnt faces. It was a capital burlesque, though, I assure you, the maidens themselves were far from regarding it in that light.

The private cottages on the grounds of the United States Hotel, for families and parties who choose to live by themselves, are nice little cozy affairs. This is a much pleasanter, and, to my mind, a much more civilized arrangement than living at the public hotel; but, as the execrable organ-grinder wouldn't stop playing for sixpence, so the landlord, knowing well the value of peace and quietness, charges accordingly.

From Saratoga we went the usual route to Lake George, performing the last seventeen miles or so by stage-coach. That's nice, thought I,—a change of conveyance wonderfully eases the limbs—i. e., if they are not past easing. I was hasty;—a heavy rain set in, and came driving first into the windows, through which, at the risk of dislocating our elbows, we spread our umbrellas for spouts. Then the roof began to leak, and gentlemen shrugged the shoulders of their linen traveling coats, and whispered, "Rheumatism;" and ladies benevolently offered the corners of their traveling cloaks and shawls to the victims; and temporary plugs were made for the roof, of "The New York Times," which we found "would not hold water;" and night came on, and the rain grew more persistent, and we got accustomed to sitting in a puddle; and the wheels sank in the mud, and the old coach "tetered"—as the children say—now this side, now that, and the most inveterate joker of the party had long been dumb; when the coachman, who had been jogging on in a helpless, despairing way, gave his whip the professional crack, which sent our noses up to the roof for a last final rub, and the wet, draggled, muddy, hungry, dead-and-alive crew were dragged out piece-meal over the wheels of the coach, on to the piazza of the "Fort William Henry Hotel," where were a swarm of colored waiters, where was a band of music on the piazza, where was a sumptuous parlor of interminable length—mirror, tete-a-tate, and piano. But, unfortunately, none of all those could we eat or drink. Woman wants but little here below, but I'll tell all you landlords what she does want. After sitting in a puddle for eighteen miles, beside enduring a shower-bath at the same time through the roof of the coach, a *hot* cup of tea it *might* not be unreasonable for her to expect. It is very well for men to "pooh!"—they can afford to be philosophical—they who run to the bar-room and get "set up," as they call it, on their arrival, or console themselves for cold tea, sour berries, and tough beefsteak, with the infallible cigar.

The question is how their philosophy would hold out if there were *no* cigars to be had, and *no* bar-room, and they were shaking in an ague of cold? I hate a fussy woman who is always digging down to the bottom of hotel salt-cellars, and microscopically inspecting potatoes; but I will say, that when every thread of a woman's raiment is dripping, it takes a more angelic being than I am to go shivering to bed on a cup of cold tea, past an army of darkies whom you are too vexed with their employer to bribe.

The next morning it still rained, and as there was no inducement in doors to remain, our breakfast being worse than our tea of the night before, we made our escape into the little steamer "Minnehaha" to see Lake George; and lovely it was, spite of fog and mist and rain, as we glided away beween its green shores, and past its fairy islands, startling out the little birds from their leafy nests into short, swift circles over our heads, then back again, where never perhaps, since the creation, man's foot had trod.

FANNY FERN.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

Gardiner, Maine, is celebrated, as we all know, for its great water-power, derived from the Cobossee Conte, a tributary of the Kennebeck. This power is applied to the manufacture of paper—the parent-rags of which are stacked in warehouses or spread over large tracts of ground around the mills. Egypt is represented in ship-loads of old clothes, collected from the living and the dead—from Howadjis and Hadjis—from Greek and Musselmen—from beggar, and—the wrappings of men, bulls, crocodiles, cats, &c., which the Arabs have plundered from the remains of centuries: yes, from tomb and cenotaph, from grave-yard and pyramid, comes the useful treasure to be manipulated by a New World's hands, and at last to be impressed by a New World's thought and to control a New World's destinies! "How little," exclaims a correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, "did the old Egyptians think that they were piling away stores for the future cash accounts of Turkomans, and that the linen folds which so carefully bandaged their holy dead should one day make the beautifully and highly-colored paper on which Bonner prints the NEW YORK LEDGER!" In the two great paper-mills known as "Richards & Haskins," and the "Great Falls Co.," thousands of reams are monthly turned out for the LEDGER, Boston Journal, Courier, Advertiser, and Herald! "What a desecration to take the garments of the Pharaohs, Ramesis and of sacred bulls, holy crocodiles and pious cats, and mingling them with vulgar old clothes of the shave-pated herd of modern Egyptians, to ship them to the other side of the world—to a land which Ptolemy's map had no room for—there to grind them up to the music of cog-wheels and the falls of the Cobossee Conte," cries the same chronicler. But we see no desecration in the matter; but, on the contrary, a grand evidence of the march of intellect and the progress of the Race!—And, if Ptolemy was as good a fellow as he might have been, no doubt his sublime Shade delights in seeing his perfumed linen put to excellent use in his copy of the NEW YORK LEDGER.

PAYING FOR APPEARANCES.

Deceptive as appearances are, according to the proverb, many people pay most dearly to keep up their deception.

Thus, for example, hundreds of families have gone to watering-places, during the season just passed, for health's sake, as they tried hard to convince their acquaintances as well as themselves, while they really did it for the sake of appearances. In so doing, they paid a dear price, in many instances—that price being their health and comfort as well as their ill-spared money. *Their* money did we say? We fear we might, as to some of them, change that expression, and say "their creditors' money," with much greater nearness to the truth.

Others have paid dearly for appearances in a quite different way. They did *not* go to "the springs." They were too prudent and economical to do that with their last dollars, or to borrow the means—much more indisposed to do it at the expense of long suffering bakers, butchers, tailors, shoemakers, or washer-women! *They* staid at home, like their unpretending, industrious creditors. Could we carry out the parallel, and say that they imitated them in other respects, it would be still more to their credit. But we cannot say that. *Why* we cannot, the *seemingly* empty dwellings, along the more fashionable avenues and streets of this and other fashion-cursed cities, will have told all experienced observers. The servants, who lyingly answer at the front door, "Out of town," at the bidding of the self-imprisoned inmates, may some day *whisper* it. Those pitiable inmates—victims of a false pride and slaves to fashion as they are—will pay still further for appearances with evasive silence, or a blushing lie, for which conscience will smite them should there ever be the least danger of the vail being lifted.

Alas! for human folly.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Human nature is grasping. It is also lazy. It likes to get the greatest possible return for the smallest possible outlay, whether of labor, time or money. Just let it know where lumps of gold, of convenient size, can be picked up ad libitum, and there it will go, unless an opposition locality be started, where the lumps will be picked up for, and put in the pockets of the seekers. Hence, human beings are easily deluded by the cry of gold. Hence the rush to Frazer River, or any other place where gold is reported to abound. Hence suffering, destitution, starvation and death. Hence blighted hopes, ruined constitutions, broken hearts, mourning wives and orphan children.

MORAL: Don't try to get something for nothing, or for anything less than its fair value. Pay a fair, manly equivalent for everything. Always "face the music," and never omit to carry the LEDGER home to your family. Let them be happy while they may.

THE BEST DISTINCTION.

The trade of the politician, in this country, is getting lower and lower in public estimation. Office no longer confers omnipotent social power or supereminent public distinction upon its possessor. Nobody runs to "see the Governor" now-a-days; and even "the President" may travel without being obstructed by public homage. The personal qualities and possessions and achievments of the individual are what now give the best distinction, and the most lasting renown. To be held in complimentary remembrance by the world, a man must now be *useful* to the world. Mere ornamental qualities no longer catch the eye of intelligent and lasting appreciation.

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.—If you cannot be happy in one way be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man looking for his hat while it is on his head or in his hand.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

TAKE care of *number one*, says the worldling, and the Christian says so too; for he has taken the best care of number one who takes care that number one shall go to Heaven; that blessed place must be full of those same selfish beings who, by having constantly done good to others, have as constantly gratified themselves. It is much nearer the truth to say that all men have an interest in being good, than that all men are good from interest.

IN respect to using the thoughts of other writers, almost every author is a *Spartan*, being more ashamed of the discovery than of the depredation. Yet the offense itself may not be so heinous as the manner of committing it; for some not only steal, but, like the harpies, befoul and bespatter those they have plundered. Others again give us the mere carcass of another man's thoughts, deprived of all their life and spirit—and this is to add murder to robbery.

MOST females will forgive a liberty rather than a slight. If any woman were to have a man indicted for stealing her picture, although it were set in gold, it would be a new case in law; but, if he carried off the setting and left the portrait, there would be no mercy for him.

CUSTOM is the law of one description of fools, and fashion of another; but the two parties often clash, for precedent is the legislator of the first, and novelty of the last. Custom looks to the past, and fashion to the present; but both are purblind to the future.

THE straits of Thermopylae were defended by only three hundred men, but they were all Spartans; and, in advocating a cause, we should trust rather to the force than to the number of our arguments, not caring how few they be, so that few be incontrovertible.

PERCIVAL, in his beautiful song of the carrier-dove, says to the pet-bird, "Turn up thy bright eye, and peck." We are informed by some unfortunate husbands that their wives, though no doves, turn up their long *bills* and *peck*.

"I KNOW I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a fine young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not, John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

"I DON'T think you need trouble yourself to visit me any longer, Doctor." "But, my friend, I had better visit you as long as you are in danger." "Oh, sir, I fear then I shall never be out of danger."

'TIS not unfitting that a virtuous young lady should blush at her first presentation in society. The morning herself blushes when she first appears, unless she is "under a cloud."

IT is said there are two thousand husbands and wives in Indiana and Illinois applying for divorces with every prospect of success. The lock most easily broken in these days is wed-lock.

SOME satirical wits and humorists laugh at everything indiscriminately, which betrays such a poverty of wit as cannot afford to part with anything, and such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest.

TITLES are properly the insignia of wise and honest men. The fool or knave that wears one is a falsifier.

THEY who dilate upon their glorious ancestry are foolishly vain of a debt which probably they will never be able to pay.

WHEN men of infamy soar to places of grandeur, they light a torch to make their shame more manifest to the world.

THOSE governments which do not curb evils are chargeable with causing them. A rich knave is a libel upon our laws.

"I AM told, Miss, that your lover plays and drinks." "Oh yes, sir, he plays the flute divinely, and drinks continually at the spring of Helicon."

To change enemies to friends, treat them with kindness. To change friends to enemies, treat them with liquor.

LOGIC and metaphysics make use of more tools than all the rest of the sciences put together, and do the least work.

NEVER owe any man more than you are able to pay, and never allow any man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

WILD rye and wild wheat grow in some regions spontaneously. We believe that wild oats are always sown

AN eye-glass is a toy which enables a coxcomb to see others, and others to see that he is a coxcomb.

WIT is a dangerous tool. It may tickle, but tickling isn't safe if, while it makes us laugh, it gives us pain.

THE sheep in the meadow and the axman in the forest alike contribute their "chops" for our benefit.

"HAVE you read my last speech?" said a vain orator to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

WHEN we men get as tight as the ladies' corsets, our habits are apt to get as loose as their crinolines.

THE head-coverings that the ladies wear now-a-days are *barefaced false-hoods*.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A BOY living in Orange county, in this State, was recently picking blackberries, with a little sister about ten years old. Hearing what he thought the "alarm" of a rattlesnake, he ran to his sister, and seeing a large serpent near her, he caught her in his arms to flee. Just as he lifted her, the rattlesnake darted forward to inflict his deadly bite, but her apron floating out upon the wind the reptile's fangs caught in it, and there they stayed. The child yelled with terror, and the snake coiled and thrashed around, till the boy got a club and killed him, expecting every moment to see his sister writhing in the agonies of death. But it was found that she had not been hurt at all—except by the fright.

A PARTY of gentlemen from Providence, under the guidance of an old fisherman, recently caught twenty-four sharks, in the course of a few hours, near a place called Portsmouth Grove. The largest of the lot was six feet and seven inches in length, and required the united strength of three men to pull him over the gunwale of the boat.

JEFFERSON RICHARDSON, a young man living near Indianapolis, having been jilted by his sweetheart, rode into that city, bought twenty-five cents worth of arsenic, swallowed the whole of it, mounted his horse and rode for home, but before reaching it he fell to the ground in a death-spasm.

A COUPLE of brothers named Hailey, at a recent barbecue near Rockcastle, Ky., on being arrested by a constable aided by several gentlemen, attacked the officer and his assistants, and killed three of them. One of the brothers held a gentleman named Jones, while the other cut his head off with a bowie knife. The wretches escaped.

A DETACHMENT of the Utah army, that was encamped about fifty miles from Salt Lake City, was suddenly attacked one night by an old grizzly bear and two well-grown cubs. Three of the soldiers were dreadfully torn before the bears were killed. Over twenty balls were fired into the body of the old one before she succumbed.

A SHORT time since a Norwegian woman, living at St. Thomas, Canada West, threw her two children into the river at that place, and then jumped in herself. One of the children was rescued, but the mother and other child were drowned.

THE wife of a gentleman named Snow, living in Arkansas, recently presented her husband with three bran-new children. Should our friend Prentice see this, he would probably remark that that might be called a snow-storm.

A TEXAS correspondent of a New Orleans paper says there is a man living near him who has 240,000 sheep. We think that that is at least one cypher (if not two) too many. Twenty-four thousand sheep would make a respectable drove.

THE last news from Frazer River is very unfavorable. There is no gold, no provisions, no comfort, but plenty of water in the river, and altogether too much snow on the mountains.

AN explorer of the Great American Desert, west of Arkansas, says vegetation is so scarce in that region that two mullen stalks and an alder bush are called a grove.

A GENTLEMAN of South Hadley Falls, Mass., has a short-horn cow which is said to have given, in one year, thirteen thousand eight hundred and seventy quarts of milk.

MRS. GUILMETTE, living near Philadelphia, recently died from the effects of one of her toe-nails growing into the flesh.

A LITTLE boy, the son of Judge Donaldson, of Montgomery, Indiana, recently died from the effects of a spider bite.

IT is rumored that Jenny Lind intends soon to revisit this country professionally. Doubtful

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Ah! 'tis as in my childhood. Years have passed,
Long years of weariness, since last I gazed
Upon these hills and waters; yet again,
As here I muse, life's early memories
Steal in their freshness o'er me, and my heart
Leaps to the sweet, wild melody that thrilled
Through all its depths ere life's bright bow had gone
From childhood's purple morning, or the stream
Of time, that gushed exulting by, had lost
The tints of Heaven's blue beauty. Memory hangs
With fondness on each dear memento yet,
That tells of those far years; and many a chord,
Touched by her melancholy hand, awakes
From its long, dreamless slumber, and its strains
Of sweet and mournful music faintly fall
Upon the ear of fancy, like the tones
That come upon the dying winds of eve
From the far moonlight ocean when the storm
Sleeps on the night-cloud, and the waters heave
As heaves the stricken bosom.
Every scene
Is living with the voiceless spirit still
Of life's departed Eden. Early joys,
So sweet, so beautiful, they almost seem
The wild creations of a wizard tale,
With lightning-glow are flashing up life's stream,
And breaking on my spirit with a power
I thought had died to live no more. I gaze
On scenes once blended with the happy hours
Of youth and ecstasy, and feel that life,
Though shadowed by the sombre wing of years,
Is not all turned to bitterness. The flame
Has fallen, and its high and fitful gleams
Perchance have faded, but the living fires
Still glow beneath the ashes. The bright stream
Is wasted, and its wave has ceased to flash
In gladness to the sunlight, and to bear
The flowers upon its sparkling bosom, yet
'Twill flow on in undying freshness still
Deep in its buried channels evermore.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.—Continued.

With anxious eyes, the fugitives watched the efforts of Jack, who clung to the broken stones which projected from the wall with the tenacity of youth, struggling desperately for life. More than once as he hung suspended by his bleeding hands, the poor fellow cast a despairing look towards the still distant aperture, and would have relaxed his grasp, had not a cheering word from our hero encouraged him. At the sound of his voice, his half-relaxed muscles recovered their tension; and, by an almost superhuman exertion of his remaining strength, he contrived to reach a stone, which projected further than the rest.

This afforded him time to pause and recover breath.

Meanwhile it was only by keeping their backs to the gates, that the remaining three could avoid the shower of bullets which, with deadly precision, the besiegers continued to pour through the loop-holes. The lieutenant had advised his companions to reserve their fire, for the stock of ammunition was getting low, till the last moment; still they kept a wary eye upon the only aperture by which the enemy could ascertain their exact position, and the first bronzed visage that appeared, received a ball that scattered its owner's brains.

There was a loud yell of fury and defiance as the sepoy fell.

Another rebel who made a similar attempt, shared the same fate, from the cool, steady hand of Mark.

"There is wisdom in all things," says the poet, "even in the trials and sufferings which temper both body and mind." Had Jack not been subjected for years to the brutal treatment he had experienced at the hands of Captain Gall, his powers of endurance must have given way; for not only were his feet lacerated by the sharp points of the projecting stones, but his fingers, which from time to time he was obliged to thrust like wedges between the interstices, were cut to the bone, and his nails torn to the quick.

More than half an hour elapsed before the poor fellow succeeded in reaching the opening in the roof, which, after all, was not more than thirty feet high.

With an effort, which caused the sinews of his arms to rise like strained cordage, he swung himself through, and sank exhausted.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed our hero, "one, at least, may escape."

Mark Rayner now began to examine the means of ascent, for he thought of Rose, and the love of life became strong within him, and he resolved to make the attempt.

Richard called to Jack Manders several times before receiving a reply. When it reached him it was in so low a tone that the speaker was evidently struggling to recover breath.

Here Mark, who had raised himself about four feet by the projecting stones, fell heavily.

"He can never accomplish it," whispered the lieutenant: "his weight is against him; for my own part, I shall not make the attempt, but I wish you to try it."

"And leave you to the mercy of our ferocious enemies?" answered Richard; "no."

The veteran entreated him urgently.

"It is of no use," was the reply; "I can only repeat your own words, spoken the day before we started from Calcutta."

"I do not recollect them."

"'We both of us return to England,'" said Richard, repeating them, "'or leave our bones in India to bleach together.'"

Just as Mark Rayner was about to renew the attempt, Jack called to him to desist.

"Why?" shouted the soldier.

The answer came in the form of a thickly knotted rope, which the former had discovered in the chamber above, and now let down to his companions, first making one end of it fast to a stone column, round which ran a spiral staircase, leading to the roof.

The ascent now became easy; and in a few minutes the four fugitives, who had so bravely struggled for life, stood once more together.

"You have saved us!" exclaimed the last three, shaking hands with their preserver, who looked joyfully in the face of his friend and benefactor, and smiled.

The thought of having been useful to him repaid his sufferings.

The first thing was to draw up the rope, which was evidently intended for the purpose to which they had applied it; the next, to mount at once to the roof of the tower, to the edge of which Mark cautiously crept.

"Down!" he cried; "they are watching us."

The words were followed by several shots, which fell harmlessly.

Lieutenant Marsh now undertook to conduct their proceedings. Advancing in the same cautious manner that Mark had done, he perceived at a glance the design of the enemy. They had piled brushwood and timber against the gates of their retreat, and were about to fire the pile.

Silently he pointed to a huge stone which had become detached by time from the parapet, and indicated to his companions, by a movement of the finger, the direction he wished them to roll it.

It required all their united strength to move it; even Jack's was brought into requisition. Just as they got it to the very verge of the roof, the veteran called to them to stop.

"Wait," he said, "till I give the signal."

Several sepoys approached the pile which the rajah—by the advice of Nadir, who had his own reasons for not destroying the tower by artillery—had ordered to be gathered against the gates; but at the very instant they were about to apply the match to it, the lieutenant pronounced the word "Now!" and the ponderous stone fell, crushing three of them into a hideous, misshapen mass.

A shout of mingled rage and despair from the besiegers followed: the besieged remained silent.

Marsh pointed to a second stone; and before the wild yells of their enemies had died away, the resolute Englishmen were quietly dragging it to the required position.

The second stone fell, and with a still more fatal result to those who thirsted so eagerly for their blood.

Then it was that the rajah, turning to the chief Brahmin, declared he would no longer sacrifice his men to his caprice of sparing the building, but at once open his great guns upon it.

Despite his effort to conceal it, the countenance of Nadir became troubled, and he bitterly regretted having quitted his retreat.

Why he did so will appear in the course of events.

"It has been consecrated," he said, "to the deities of India, and may not be destroyed without sacrilege."

"I will erect one far more magnificent," answered the prince, with an incredulous smile, for he began to suspect the motives of the speaker. "The gods will pardon the crime," he added, "if crime there be, in consideration of the sacrifice of the infidels who fall with it."

THE DEFENSE OF THE OLD TOWER.

"Beware," said the priest, "how you interpret their will; it is the soldier's duty to fight, the Brahmin's to announce——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted Acbar; "it is the reason, not the pretext that can move me from my purpose. If you have nothing better to urge than a superstitious veneration for a few old stones, I shall give the order to fire."

The features of Nadir became suddenly calm and expressionless. Whatever his motives, he had made up his mind to submit to the destruction of the tower rather than betray them.

"As you please," he made answer; "the counsels of age are thrown away upon impetuous youth. The chief is wiser than the sage in his own conceit; may he never live to discover the bitter truth."

With an impatient movement of his hand the rajah gave the signal to the gunners. A report which shook the ground followed, and the balls from the two field pieces striking the gates shattered them into countless fragments.

Sir Charles and his brother officers, who were watching the proceedings from the walls of the temple, turned aside in despair. The besiegers had removed to the other side of the tower, out of reach of their two solitary guns.

"Poor fellows," he groaned; "it is all over with them."

His men impatiently demanded to be led to the rescue of their countrymen.

"Too late," muttered the major, whose courage was as warm as his temper. "This is the hardest trial of my life."

Here the fiery Welshman turned aside to conceal the tears of rage and vexation.

Wharton, to whom great and heroic deeds, whether in action or endurance, possessed a peculiar charm, had for some time been watching the defence made by four men against unequal numbers with breathless interest.

"They will perish," he exclaimed, "worthy the name of Englishmen," as the fugitives kept hurling from their elevated position a shower of stones upon the rebels, who thrice attempted to enter the shattered gates, but were as frequently repulsed.

The lieutenant of Acbar approached to give directions; a shot from the revolver of our hero, who had purposely reserved his fire, brought him from his horse. The rebels retreated, bearing with them the body.

Enraged beyond measure at the successful resistance of four worn-out Englishmen, the rajah now gave orders to bury them in the ruins of the tower they had so bravely defended. A native artilleryman, a deserter from the Bengal army, now altered the elevation of the guns, and the work of destruction commenced in earnest.

Nadir smiled when he beheld the upper portion of the tower rapidly falling beneath the cannon of his ally.

"Raze it to the ground," he said. "I now withdraw my prohibition. Their hands are stained with the blood of the faithful. Let the asylum they have chosen prove their tomb."

Such, in all probability was but too likely to be the case. The remaining battlements had fallen before the devoted band had retreated from their perilous position to the second chamber, the roof of which already began to crack above their heads.

"Let us descend," said the lieutenant.

"We may as well die here," observed Mark Rayner, despairingly.

"That is not the Christian's thought," replied the veteran, who, during the prolonged and terrible contest, had never for an instant lost his self-possession.

"It is our duty to struggle to the last for life; man has no right to abandon it."

Urged by his reproof the soldier began letting down the rope by which they had mounted. Richard was the first to descend.

"Here," he said, "we must make our last stand," when his companions joined him. "I, for one, am determined not to fling the slightest chance of life away; but I am equally resolved," he added, "not to fall alive into the hands of wretches who possess no other claim to humanity than the form and name."

Each one expressed a similar determination, and they mutually shook hands.

"We forgot," exclaimed Marsh, struck by a sudden recollection, "that we have one more chance for safety."

Richard regarded him inquiringly.

The old soldier pointed to the aperture leading to the vault below. Despite their courage and resolution, an involuntary hesitation betrayed itself. Death from the falling roof and crumbling walls appeared horrible enough; but it was mercy compared with the certainty of perishing by hunger and the pangs of thirst, sealed by the ruins in that living tomb.

A terrific crash was heard over head: the first roof had fallen in; and the second was so shattered by the superabundant weight, that it was evident that the next discharge of the enemy's cannon must bring it down.

Marsh gently laid his hand upon the arm of our hero, and led him to the vault, which, as we before observed, was one of far more massive construction than the rest of the building, which soon afterwards came tumbling down as if an earthquke had shaken it.

The cloud of dust which penetrated their retreat, we might say grave, for there appeared no possible means of escape, almost choked them; but the solid roof resisted the shock.

"We are preserved," said the lieutenant, who was the first to break the awful silence which ucceeded.

"To starve," murmured Mark Rayner, despondingly.

Jack Manders groped his way to the spot where our hero was standing, and grasped his hand. He felt resigned, nay, almost content to die by the side of one who had proved so true a friend to him.

"Here is my flask," he whispered, "it is more than half filled with wine."

Richard distributed it in equal portions to his friends, not forgetting to compel the speaker to take his share.

"I have many regrets at quitting life," he observed, "but it is not the slightest, that I shall never have the means, Jack, of proving how deeply I feel your fidelity and friendship for me."

"You can prove it," replied the nephew of Andrew Silex, in an under tone.

"How?"

"By repeating to me the prayer which Lillian tried to teach me."

There was a pause: the name of the fair girl, whom he so fondly loved, unnerved the heart of his benefactor; but the weakness—if weakness it might be called—lasted only for a few moments.

"Right," he said, "even here I have a duty to perform, let me not neglect it. Although ignorant of much I ought to know, He to whom our supplications are addressed will direct me."

The two friends knelt and prayed together.

When the rebel force beheld the downfall of the tower they set up a loud shout of triumph and derision, directed rather to the garrison of the temple—whose guns they were too cautious to approach, than to their victims, whom they believed beyond the reach of insult or of outrage.

"There fell as brave fellows," observed Sir Charles, "as ever bore the name of Englishmen. Poor Mark Rayner, it will be a sad blow to his wife—just as his good name was cleared too. Who could have been his companions?"

The question was not addressed to any one of the group near him, but the eyes of Wharton instantly sought those of Dawlish, which sank beneath his searching expression.

"If I thought," he exclaimed, struck by a sudden suspicion, which he instantly checked.

"What?" demanded Phillimmon.

"Nothing, major; one of those thoughts which sometimes tempt our better judgment and lead us into error."

"Mine," he added, "was too terrible to be repeated."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

RICHARD AND AL MOORAD FACE TO FACE.

On the second night the sycee, faithful to his promise, made his way to the cell of Caleb. Something of an extraordinary character had evidently occurred to alarm the inmates of the subterranean abode: Nadir, the chief Brahmin, was absent, and the subordinate priests, deprived of their head, wandered about the rock-hewn temple, in a state of alarm and confusion, consequently, it was long past midnight before the boy ventured to visit his friend.

The prisoner, who had been counting the hours impatiently, could scarcely restrain his joy when he heard the door of his dungeon cautiously roll back; his heart beat violently, for he felt that the moment of liberty was at hand.

Again, as on his previous visit, Hirim approached his lips to the ear of the youth before uttering a word; when he did speak, so intense was the silence that reigned around, his half-breathed whispers seemed to wake the sleepless echoes of the place.

"Have you filed the chain?" he asked.

Caleb caught his hand, and directed it to the ring which encircled his body; it was filed through as he had directed, just under the arm.

"Now drink of this, it will give you strength," added the speaker, giving him a flask filled with palm wine. The youth drank it eagerly, and as the invigorating draught cooled his parched lips, it imparted fresh energy and strength; he felt, should the necessity arrive, that he could once more make a struggle for life and freedom.

"I am ready!" he exclaimed in an undertone; "prepared for any risk."

"Not yet," was the reply.

The speaker had brought with him a dress, similar to those worn by the servants of the temple, and silently assisted him to arrange it.

"Lillian," said Caleb; for even in the joy he felt at the prospect of his own escape from captivity and a fearful death, the grateful fellow had not forgotten his fellow victim.

The sycee made no reply.

"I will not fly without her," added the speaker.

"There is but one chance of saving her," answered the boy, at last, "and it depends upon our quitting this place. Each night since I last saw you I have listened at her cell; Kehoda never quits it for an instant."

"She is her servant," observed Caleb.

"She is the servant of the temple, and dares not assist her flight, even if her heart prompted her," said Hirim: "the penalty would be fearful. Besides," he added, "I have listened to her words, and overheard her urging Lillian to listen to the love of Al Moorad."

Caleb reflected for an instant. He had no cause to doubt either the sincerity or truth of one who had risked his life to serve him; added to which, four-and-twenty hours still intervened between the time the banker had appointed to make his last attempt to win or force the maiden to his wishes. Once free himself, he might apprise his countrymen of the place of her concealment. Sir Charles Fourreau and the gallant 01st he well knew would risk everything to save her. It was the best plan, for, after all, what could the arms of two mere youths achieve against a host of fanatics, in the event of a discovery?

"Lead on," he whispered, "I am ready."

The two speakers crept stealthily from the cell, the door of which the Hindoo closed, and carefully replaced the chain.

"Trust to your disguise," he said, "and follow me closely. Look not to the right or left, and keep on the darkest sides of the passages."

The fugitives—each one with his hand upon his weapon, ready to defend his life in case of discovery—proceeded through the rock-sculptured labyrinth of vaults and corridors without interruption, till they reached a hall of loftier proportions and larger extent than any they had yet entered.

Caleb shuddered as his eyes fell upon a rough altar like the one in the sanctuary above, formed of a single stone, and crowned with the statue of Mariatele. Fixed to the huge block were fetters of bronze, evidently for the purpose of attaching the victims offered to the goddess.

About half a dozen servants and as many Nautch girls were sleeping on carpets spread in front of the idol, at the back of which was the cell where the chief Brahmin so frequently retired.

Hirim glided like a shadow past his countrymen, till he reached the entrance to it, the paused an instant for his companion. As the latter joined him one of the sleepers awoke.

"Who passes?" he demanded, aloud.

Neither of the young men uttered a word.

"Speak," added the priest, "in the name of the goddess and her symbol."

The sycee drew Caleb into the cell, and closed the door after him. An instant after and the sound of a gong was heard. The inmates of the temple were alarmed, and Al Moorad and a crowd of fanatics speedily filled the hall.

The absence of Nadir, whose authority being supreme, directed all things at his will, had left the priesthood without a head. It was some time, therefore, before an explanation could be obtained, for all were asking questions, which one only could reply to.

At last it was clearly understood that the priest had seen two persons enter the cell where none save the chief Brahmin ever ventured.

There was a cry of horror, such an act being looked upon as sacrilege by the numerous dupes of the old man's supposed sanctity. Al Moorad, less superstitious than those around him, tried the door: it was fastened.

"Bring me the means to force it," he exclaimed.

All who heard him shuddered; not one stirred.

He repeated his order, which in all probability would have been equally unattended to, had not a Brahmin, known to be in the confidence of Nadir, made his appearance. He was a venerable looking man, and, next to his chief, possessed the greatest authority.

"The Christian prisoner," he exclaimed, "has escaped, and the boy Hirim has been the instrument and companion of his flight."

On hearing this the proposal of Al Moorad was at once complied with, and the door of the cell broken. When those who had penetrated the sacred precincts—sacred at least in their eyes—looked around them, the place was empty. Some accused the Brahmin of having mistaken his dreams for reality; others declared that Mariatele had worked a miracle; but the banker believed in neither supposition—he thought only on the escape of Caleb, its possible consequences, and with a determined look he turned aside, directing his steps towards the prison of Lillian.

For forty-eight hours, our hero and his three companions had been the inmates of the lonely vault in which they had taken refuge; sealed, as it were, within a living tomb by the enormous mass of stone which the falling of the tower had piled above them. They were without hope, except that Christian one which can alone sustain when earth and all of earth appear to have abandoned us.

In addition to the pangs of hunger, suffered severely, the prisoners,—for such they really were, although no bolts were drawn, or Lving being kept guard over them—had suffered still more from those of thirst, when the lieutenant, whose coolness and self-possession had not for an instant deserted him, in placing his hands against the walls discovered that they were damp, and proposed to his fellow-sufferers to lick the moisture from the stones. The suggestion was eagerly complied with, and in a few minutes the blood-swollen lips, which cracked and burned at every effort to speak, became less painful.

"Why should we make a fruitless attempt to prolong existence?" murmured Mark Rayner.

"Simply because it is our duty to do so," observed Richard; "my hopes of escaping from this living death are faint as yours; still I am determined not to give the slightest chance away: the means of lessening the pangs of thirst have already been vouchsafed to us, who can limit the mercy of God? it is boundless as His power, and may reach us even here."

"Do not let the courage of two boys shame your manhood, Mark," added the lieutenant; "see how patient poor Jack is, and his sufferings have been intense."

"I feel better now," said the latter; "the fire is quenched in my throat, and my head no longer throbs as if it would split; I almost fancy that I could sleep."

Strange to say, a similar inclination crept over his companion, who no longer tormented by the fiery thirst which had lately consumed them, soon sank to rest.

The hero of our tale was the last to close his eyes, for he had thoughts which wrung his heart with agony, and bitter regrets.

As is frequently the case after any violent reaction, either of pain or pleasure, the dreams of the sleepers were peaceful. We have heard many an old soldier declare that he has slept calmly upon the battle-field, amid the dying and the dead, and dreamt of home and those who were most dear to him.

No wonder, then, if the visions of the lover were of Lillian. In his sleep, she appeared before him decked in her sunny smiles and modest beauty; he saw her beckon him to advance towards her, but a river, whose waters were dark and agitated, seemed to roll between them, and he hesitated; she beckoned him again, and, in his dream, he overleaped the barrier, and awoke with the imaginary effort.

Several minutes elapsed before Richard could persuade himself that he was not still sleeping.

A portion of the wall of the cell appeared to have been rent away, and he distinctly perceived two figures dressed in the garb of Hindoos standing at the aperture. Both were armed, and one of them carried a lamp.

Once convinced that it was a reality, and not a vision of his disordered imagination, Richard started to his feet and called to his companions to awake.

"It is Mr. Tyrrell's voice!" exclaimed Caleb, rushing forward and clasping his knees. "Don't you know me, sir? Caleb—the sailor you rescued from the Caradoc."

"And Hirim, your servant," added the sycee.

It was some time before our hero could recover his surprise; or either of the party find words to explain the chain of accident and adventure which had once more brought them together; but when at last they did mutually comprehend them, the hearts of all were filled with gratitude and astonishment.

"Who, after this," observed the lieutenant, "shall despair? From the depths of the earth the prayer of the captive has been heard and answered."

Mark Rayner bowed his head; the words sounded like a reproof.

As yet not a word had been uttered respecting Lillian.

"I am convinced," said our hero, after reflecting for an instant upon what he had heard, "that there exists a communication between the temple and the subterranean den you have described."

Hirim looked doubtfully.

"There must be," observed Caleb, eagerly; "how else could the daughter of Sir Charles have been made a prisoner and conveyed there?"

On hearing that Lillian was a captive, everything like deliberation or hesitation gave way. What were dangers—the disadvantages of numbers—nay, the certainty of death itself, weighed against her safety? Lillian in the hands of the heathen rebels! wretches who had never yet shown pity or forbearance to those within their power! there was a horror in the thought which seemed to nerve her lover's arm with more than human strength.

"Perhaps," observed the lieutenant, in the hope of calming his excitement, "the Brahmins may have obtained possession of her person by way of hostage."

Richard repeated the word, mechanically.

"Not so," replied Caleb; "there is one who loves her; Hirim knows his name."

"Al Moorad," said the sycee, in answer to the question his master's lips refused to ask.

Our hero repeated it, bitterly: his heart had already divined it, for he had detected the cold and snakelike glances with which the wily banker, on

more than one occasion, had cast on him and the fair girl.

As for Jack Manders, he was already on his feet and examining his revolver. On hearing of Lillian's danger, he no longer felt sensible of pain.

Following the sycee, who bore the lamp, the speakers threaded the narrow, winding succession of vaulted passages which connected the fallen tower with the subterranean temple. To one at least of the party they appeared interminable. The heart and brain of Richard throbbed with impatience.

"Shall we never arrive?" he murmured.

"Patience," replied the lieutenant, calmly. "Doubt not that Providence which has so unexpectedly befriended us; she seldom leaves her designs imperfect or unaccomplished."

With a groan of mental anguish the despairing lover once more pursued his way.

When Al Moorad directed his steps towards the cell of his captive, it was with the full intention of consummating the villany, so ably planned, by an act which angels would have wept to witness, and demons shuddered to record. The escape of Caleb had alarmed him. There was a possibility that succor might arrive; and the heartless villain knew too well the temper of her countrymen not to be aware of the doom he might expect if once he fell into their hands.

"At least," he thought, "I will have one triumph over the hated race—the dearest, vengeance can ask or fortune grant."

On entering the cell—and it was the first time he had done so since her recovery—even the callous nature of the oppressor was touched by the ravages which disease had made in the person of Lillian. Her features were pale—as if life and death were struggling for mastery, and the latter all but victor. The brilliancy of her dark eyes alone remained unimpaired, and they flashed with all the scorn of virtuous indignation, though not unmixed with terror, when the wily Hindoo presented himself before her.

"Don't leave me," she whispered to the Nautch girl, who guessed what the visit of the banker foreboded. "I was kind to you once, and you loved me. Pray do not leave me," she repeated, "at least till I am dead."

Kehoda hesitated; despite her jealousy of her former mistress, and mad passion for our hero, something like a feeling of pity was awakened in her breast.

Al Moorad motioned her a second time to quit the cell.

"Why am I not obeyed?" he demanded.

"The chief Brahmin placed me here," replied the girl.

"Do I not speak by his authority?" exclaimed the banker. "Have you forgotten the condition on which he spared your forfeit life—forfeit by your love for one who mocked and scorned you?"

The momentary feeling of commiseration for her former mistress faded in the heart of his hearer.

"Will you tempt his wrath again?" added the speaker. "Have you so soon forgotten the doom which a word, a look may recall?"

Kehoda shuddered at the recollection, and, drawing her saffron-colored vail over her features, silently glided through the still open door of the cell, which Al Moorad closed after her.

He could not fasten it, the bolts being only on the outward side.

No sooner did she find herself alone with her oppressor than a sensation of calm amounting to confidence replaced the terror which Lillian had previously felt. It seemed as if her guardian angel whispered that he was watching over her.

"You remember my last visit?" said the banker, addressing her.

"Alas! yes."

"And the offer I made you?"

"That too."

"Well, then," said Al Moorad, struck by her collected manner, which he could not understand, "I await your answer."

"What answer can a Christian maiden give to such an offer?" replied his prisoner; "it is an insult to have heard, it would be pollution to dwell upon it."

"You brave me then!" muttered the licentious ruffian, trying to work himself into a frenzy of passion, which might excuse the violence he meditated.

"No," replied Lillian. "I would appeal to your reason and mercy; look upon me—compare me with the girl whom you first saw, surrounded by loving friends, happy in their affection, in her own grateful heart, basking in the sunshine of existence, and then ask yourself what you have made me. You have deprived me of these blessings," she added, "and yet I can forgive you."

"Forgive me!" repeated Al Moorad, astonished at the tone her words had taken.

"On one condition."

He repeated her words.

"I am dying. Restore me to my friends—let my last sigh be drawn in the presence of those I love, and——"

"Never!" interrupted the Hindoo.

"Let me die in peace, then," exclaimed the captive, with a look of resignation. "Seek not to trample on a broken flower. Why persecute me? why attempt to sully the last remaining drops in the all but exhausted cup of life?"

"What," exclaimed the banker, mockingly, "abandon the hope for which I have risked wealth, and it may be, safety; resign it when the fullfilment is within my reach? Never; such cold-blooded virtue may exist in Europe's passionless sons—the children of the East are strangers to it."

"Kill me," said Lillian, throwing herself at his feet: "death has no terrors, compared with dishonor. Kill me, and I will call it mercy; a blow, a single blow will suffice. The thread of life is so nearly broken."

"It will hold, at least," was the brutal rejoinder, "till all that I have watched and toiled for has been mine."

Her persecutor cast his arms around her; and doubtless would have proceeded to yet further violence had not the door been suddenly dashed open by our hero, who had preceded his companions. Richard Tyrrell had heard the despairing shriek, which echoed through the vaulted passages; the next instant Lillian lay senseless on his manly breast, and Al Moorad prostrate at his feet.

"Saved!" he exclaimed, pressing her with convulsive joy. "Angel of purity, look up—revive!—bless me with the assurance that you live!"

Lillian faintly murmured his name.

So absorbed were the feelings of our hero by the piteous scene he had witnessed, that he forgot for an instant the presence of the cowardly aggressor, who by this time had recovered from his confusion, and silently drawn a weapon from his girdle.

The sword, however, and the hand that grasped it, speedily fell beneath a blow which Jack Manders—who was the first to follow his benefactor—inflicted, severing the arm at the wrist.

Al Moorad uttered a loud cry; before he could repeat it his voice was silenced for ever.

Surrounded by his faithful friends, our hero succeeded in bearing his still senseless burthen through the throng of Brahmins, who by this time had gathered to prevent their escape. Fortunately they were unarmed, and the fugitives succeeded in once more reaching the secret entrance by which they had penetrated.

This time, however, their enemies followed.

The rescued victim of lust and crime was in brave hands, and had brave hearts to defend her. Jack Manders, when he recognized her pale features as she lay more like a corpse than a living thing in the arms of her lover, forgot hunger, thirst—all that he had endured, and fought with the lion's fury, if not the lion's strength. Not a Hindoo braved a second blow; and when his sword broke in his blood-stained hands, the shots of his revolver told with fearful execution.

Neither were Mark Rayner and the lieutenant idle.

"Where will this passage lead to?" exclaimed the former, when he found they had entered a different one to that they came by.

"No matter where," replied our hero, greatly excited. "Heaven is visibly on our side, and will direct our steps."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST;

OR,

LOVE CURES LOVE.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

It was genuine love that I felt for Roger—strong, engrossing love. I couldn't keep him out of my thoughts a minute to save the nation, and the sight of him passing our gate would set me to quivering from my hair-pins to my boots. Many and many a shake I got from my faithful aunt Tabby, for doing everything about the house wrong, when it was all owing to Roger that the mistakes were made. I neglected and forgot everything but him, and his sayings and doings. It was a sad state to be in; but I'm sorry to say it is a state that young people—not to mention middle-aged people—are very liable to get into. Now Roger ought not to have made so much of me as he did, if he did not love me. But men, both young and old, *will* do what pleases them best, let who will suffer by it. It is consoling to reflect that they will certainly be dealt with according to their works—"by-and-by—by-and-by."

He made much of *me*, in order to move the jealousy of Hattie Barnes, with whom he was very deeply in love. This I did not suspect. Indeed, I supposed that Hattie was engaged, or about to become so, to James Draper, who had long been devoted to her.

Hattie was a beauty. So was Roger. I fairly doated upon his comeliness; never had anything seemed half so fair and loveable to me as the smooth, white brow, soft, abundant hair, and exquisite features of the youth that I loved. There was about him that rich and rosy light which ever gilds the object of the heart's strongest love. I verily believe that I could joyfully, nay, triumphantly, have *died* for that man, and yet he was hollow and deceitful to the core. Hattie was one of those plump and rosy creatures that look more like illuminated pictures than like human and fading beings. Her flesh was as soft and white as possible, her blue eyes rolled in liquid beauty, her mouth was rosy and sweet, her cheeks and chin were full of dimples, that played hide-and-go-seek among the roses, red and white, of her face. Her hair, glossy and thickly waved, was the crowning beauty of her person. Ah! she *was* a lovely, lovely creature to behold. I have never seen a fairer. We were all schoolmates, Roger and Hattie, and James and I. From early childhood we had known each other well. All our parents had long resided in the same street of the little town of N. When I was fourteen my mother died, and I, just at the age when most I needed a mother's loving care, was left to the charge of my father's maiden sister, who realized as much about my wants as a crow can realize about the wants of a canary. Well! well! the good woman tried to do her duty as well as she knew how. She shall have the credit of that. James Draper was always a good-hearted boy. He was one of the best scholars in our school. He was as smart at play as at work—always obliging and cheerful. Everybody liked him when a lad, and everybody liked him when he grew to be a man; but I don't know that anybody ever called him handsome. He looked well enough—but compared with Roger nobody could be thought to be at all handsome.

When it began to be talked of about town that James was paying attention to Hattie, everybody seemed to think her a wonderfully fortunate girl; and the almost universal exclamation was—"Well, I do hope she will make him a good wife, for I'm sure he deserves one."

It struck me as rather singular that I never heard any one, man or woman, burst out into praises of Roger, as they did in regard to James. It made me sort of jealous and resentful in behalf of my idol; and I only loved and admired him the more.

Hattie and I were very intimate. I used to feel very inferior to her because she was so very beautiful; but I loved her warmly, and into her ears poured out my most cherished secrets. To her I confided the tale of my happiness when Roger, *by his impressive manner*, convinced me of his passion for me. I was a little fool to utter my joy; but my heart was so full that I thought I could not help it.

"You'd better not *take it for granted* that he wants you," was the sentence that fell like ice upon my heated feelings.

"Men *ask for* what they want—and *he's* as able to do so as anybody else is."

Thus silenced I turned tearfully from my companion, and went and sat down alone in my own chamber. I had never felt such a sickness of the heart as came upon me then. It was the first time that it had occurred to my thoughts that the men we had always known, who had grown up with us, and who seemed to be exceptions to the race, might, after all, be just like those we were always reading and hearing of, and not worthy of our trust. What an hour of doubt and bitterness I passed. But it at length departed; and as I, that very evening, (a most lovely, moonlit one,) was invited to take a long walk with Roger only, I was amply consoled for my transient distress.

But what shall I say of the time when I learned beyond all doubt that I had been deceived; that my lover, as I had fondly supposed Roger to be, was the accepted suitor of Hattie—the cruel Hattie! Yes, the *cruel* Hattie; for not only was she aware of my intense affection for Roger, and of his mean and dishonest efforts to increase and draw out that affection, but she had herself been acting a part as base and heartless—she had given the noble and ardent James every reason to believe that he was the choice of her heart. James had supposed that Roger was betrothed to me—our surprise was equally great when the new engagement became known.

There were arrangements made for a pic-nic party. Roger had invited me. James had invited Hattie; but without making the slightest explanation, Roger, when the appointed day arrived, went off with Hattie, leaving James and me to accompany each other, or to remain at home, as we liked best. As we wished to see the end of such a proceeding, we went to the pic-nic. Alas! we were both entirely satisfied, and convinced that our hopes had been cherished in vain.

"This looks *well!*" remarked James emphatically to me. His face was very pale, and I knew that his heart was being wrung with the same distress that seemed tearing mine out from my bosom.

I burst into hysterical weeping and ran to hide myself among the trees.

What a miserable day was that. I wish that it was in my power to hinder any other human heart from experiencing such wretchedness as was mine. Oh! how earnestnestly I prayed that I might die. From the bottom of my soul I felt that there was no longer anything worth living for. The gay voice of Roger was wafted to my ears, as I lay stretched upon the grass. I was afraid that he was coming that way, and not for the world would I have had him see me crying. Catching my sunbonnet in my hand, I hurried silently further into the heart of the wood. Here I remained so long that the party missed me, and by-and-by my name rang through the forest. I was obliged to show myself. James at once came to my side, and as I requested it, he escorted me immediately to his wagon, and we drove home at once.

Not six words were exchanged by us during that never-to-be-forgotten ride. When he handed me from the wagon, the warm and hearty pressure of his hand set me again to crying. Just so had Roger done on taking leave.

"Bless me, child! what ails you?" said Aunt Tabby, alarmed at my disordered appearance.

"I'm sick, and had to come home. I'm going to bed," was my reply. My good aunty followed me up stairs, half an hour later, with a bowl of hot herb tea, which, in spite of my protestations that I did not need it, she obliged me to drink.

Wearily, drearily passed the time. The sight of my idol, the sound of his voice, the mere thought of him, was anguish and bitterness to my soul. How more than ever desirable and beautiful, how enchantingly lovely did he seem to me, now that he was lost to me forever.

And I knew that James also was enduring this cruel agony. "Poor James!" I often sighed, purely from pity.

Hattie and Roger were married, and removed to Indiana to live. I never saw either of them from the day of their departure until they were forty years old. I stood in a retired and dim corner of the depot to see them go. I knew that they would not be able to distinguish me in the gloom of my retreat, and so I did not fear to keep my ground, even when I saw them walk to the car nearest to where I stood. How sweetly she looked, in her pretty traveling-dress and hat—how he gazed upon her, how careful he was of her, how he seemed to love her. "Oh! my beautiful, my angel," cried, in anguish, my poor heart, rent with jealous pangs; "*are* you going from my sight forever? Must I hope to look on you no more? Oh! Roger, Roger, are you *lost* to me?" Alas! yes; he was going, and with the vanishing of his bright, young face, the light of the world vanished. They told me afterwards that, as the cars started and went rattling out of the depot, I stretched forth my arms towards them, and crying aloud, "Oh! Roger! Roger!" fell fainting upon the dusty floor.

People felt for me. Many understood what cause I had for trouble. All blamed the pair who had just departed.

I was borne carefully home, and I never set my feet outside of our garden gate again for five months. I would not go to church even; my pious aunt was almost driven to despair by my conduct.

The truth is, I had made up my mind that I should never again know happiness, and I did not mean to impose upon other people the sight of my miserable face. I would remain within doors, I so resolved, until my time came to be carried out to my grave.

There was but one person in the town that I could take any pleasure in seeing or talking with. That was James. He bore his sorrow much more bravely than I did mine, and that he deeply pitied me, it needed but the language of his expressive eyes to tell.

He came often, and more often as the months wore on. At length he began to reason with me upon my grief. He told me that I ought not to destroy myself by such useless repinings. He said that what was past and gone should never be allowed to prevent present peace and happiness.

"Are *you* happy?" I asked abruptly.

The question caused him to smile. "I am becoming so," he said. "I could be altogether so, if you would allow me to contribute to your happiness."

What did he mean? That I guessed what, the hot rush of blood to my temples proved.

Was it possible that he who had loved one so fair as Hattie, could ever dream of loving *me?*"

"Oh, James!" I cried out. "If I understand you—don't speak another word now. I—I don't know what to make of the strange feelings that are stirring within me. Please don't be offended, but I *wish* you would go home."

"Certainly, if you wish it," he said, rather gravely. He arose and took his hat.

I felt a pang shoot through my heart at the thought that I had, perhaps, offended him.

I held out towards him both my hands. He took them readily, and in answer to my looks rather than to any words, said—

"There is no harm done. Try and look on the bright side of life. I will come again soon, if you desire it."

"I do," I said, and he left the house.

But he came again in two days, and I then learned that he loved me, and wished to make me his wife. It was some time before I dared to give him the promise that he asked. That other image was still too distinct on my heart. But, as James said, Roger was unworthy of such regard, and he was another's now; it was but folly, if not worse, to hug my misery for his loss. So reason was on the side of my new lover. Reason, however, isn't much when feeling is against her; but *was* feeling against reason now? Really, I began to think it was *not*. Every day James grew dearer and dearer to me, and Roger's memory came less and less to give me pain. There was a noble manliness in all the ways of James that Roger had totally lacked. There was sense and sensibility, there was attractiveness and sweetness in the face of the true-hearted James, and were not these better than the mere form and color of beauty? Surely, they were. And that was not all. James was more interesting and affectionate than Roger had ever been; he was less selfish, less domineering—and when he spoke of his fondness for me, born first from sympathy and pity, and when he smiled upon me, with his own expressive and beautiful smile, I saw a charm in the face and a winning tenderness in the eyes of James, that had always been wanting in the face and eyes of Roger. The latter had sought my love from selfish and unkind motives; the former was, as all at once I heartily believed, my lover in all sincerity and generosity; and, as I yielded to the gentle force with which he drew me to him, happiness—a newer and better, a more assured happiness than I had ever known—came flooding over and through me, and I bowed my head upon his bosom, and gave myself up to a transport of happiness and joy.

How strange, how unaccountable are the ways and the emotions of the human heart! A week before this time I had supposed it impossible that I could ever be delivered from the cold clasp of misery; now, here I was, reveling in the warmth and cheer of utmost joy. *Miracles are often wrought in the course of every life.* We none of us know what is in us, nor what is before us, nor what we are capable of, until the Lord shows it all to us. We *never* think quite correctly of our own selves, nor does our fortune ever all come as we expect it. We seldom see such pleasure, we seldom endure such distress, as we apprehend. But the day of *my* mourning was over. I became the wife of James, and every day of my life I thanked the kind providence that had kept me from giving myself to any other man. He was all that my woman's heart could wish. Each day I loved him better than before, and each day became more heartily satisfied that he only was the true mate of my soul. Years passed away, and that first fever of the blood seemed to me only as a wild, troubled vision. I shuddered at the thought that, had God given me my own importunate will, I should never have known the joy of being the loved and honored wife of such a princely man as James. He had improved with every year. Both personally and mentally he had grown toward perfection. In fact, in my mind, he had *attained* that enviable point of elevation. I could see no fault in him. He was so good, so kind, so noble. Oh! what an anchor to my heart, what a rock of refuge, my beloved husband was to his weak, and often erring, but still most loving wife.

My feelings toward him had been my teachers of what I ought to feel toward Him who gave that priceless gift to me, and earnestly and humbly I tried to profit by the lesson that was thus taught. My love and devotion to my husband I made the stepping-stone to the love of Christ, our God. For I thought, and my soul rose in exultation, "If so sweet *the streams* of love, what *must* the Fountain be?"

Our children were growing about us, wisely trained according to their father's will. I never knew how to manage children, but I had sense enough to follow James's advice to the letter; and the children, quick to observe the respect which their mother had for their father, respected him also, and grew up gentle, obedient, lovely, and *industrious.*

When James had reached his forty-fifth year, and I my fortieth, we concluded that our house was become too strait for us; and after having secured another, which better suited the increased size of our family—we had one daughter married, and residing with us, with her husband and infant child—we offered our old and rather shattered mansion for sale, the terms very low.

"Who do you suppose has bought our house?" asked my laughing James, as he came in to his supper one evening.

"How should I know, my dear?"

"Well, you don't know, and if you were to guess a week you wouldn't hit it. The purchaser is Roger Clarke."

"Roger Clarke!" ejaculated I, upsetting a cup of scalding tea on one of the children.

"Oh! oh! mother—you've scalded me to death!" shrieked the boy.

His case had to be seen to before any inquiries were made; but as soon as his scald was done up in cotten and soap, I eagerly turned to James for the rest of the information that I saw was ready for utterance.

"Roger has had hard fortune West. He has lost property, children, and health; and he, his wife, and their only remaining child, have returned hither to spend the remnant of their days."

"And they are to live in *our* old house! Little we thought who were to succeed us in our happy home. How singular!"

"Yes, it is. But you have no idea of the change in the appearance of both Roger and Hattie. I will not attempt to describe it, as you will probably soon see them. To-morrow is the Sabbath, and as they have taken a part of Deacon Wainright's pew, you will see them very plainly. Poor things! I am sorry for their many troubles."

My husband sighed.

"Did *no other* regret cross your mind?" I asked, rather uneasily.

James looked up with a bright and somewhat roguish smile.

"I will not answer that question to day," he replied. But he drew me to him, and gave me a kiss that was not at all the prompting of *duty.*

Next morning I am afraid I thought more of what I was expecting to see than what I expected to hear.

Strange were the sensations that filled my mind as the tall, bent form of a stranger moved slowly up the aisle, followed by a little, prematurely old woman, in a very unbecoming bonnet. Human nature asserted itself mightily in my heart. To save me, I couldn't help comparing looks. Years had strangely altered things. The man whose outward beauty had been the bane of my girlhood was now almost a wreck. Although less than fifty years of age, he was bald and gray; his form was shrunken from its once graceful and sturdy proportions; his cheeks were deeply hollowed and wrinkled; one front tooth was entirely gone, and the others, as I saw when he turned towards me to speak to his wife, were dark, and tipping about like tipsy men. Calomel had been at work among them. His skin was sallow, and his eyes needed constant wiping—they were so weak. My husband, hale and happy, what a pattern for a man he was, physically as well as mentally. My heart swelled with loving pride as I looked upon him, and involuntarily I turned towards Hattie. *Her* eyes were clear, and able as yet to see without spectacles, and they were fastened, with a look that I shall never forget, upon the fresh and expressive face of my James. How could she *help* but think of old times, I thought, as I wondered if she had ever repented of what she had done. James looked hardly older than when she had seen him last, and he certainly was very decidedly changed for the better. His hair was darker and more curly; he was more fleshy; he dressed in better taste; and, above all, he now wore his magnificent beard unshorn, as every man that *is* a man should.

It isn't best for me to say much about my own looks, but James had often told me a silly story that agreed with what my glass said. It isn't worth repeating, but its substance was that I, too, had improved as I grew mature. As for poor Hattie, her beauty had been that of the early flowers of spring—exceeding great, but soon to fade. I should never have known that she was my old rival. There was hardly a look of the blooming Hattie remaining. Fever and ague had done their work on her family; and time, trouble, and disappointment had dealt mercilessly with her. My enemies were before me, and I felt that they had been bitterly punished for the wrong that they had perpetrated in their youth. Humbled, sick, and comparatively poor, they had returned to the scenes of those early days, to witness the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the two whose hearts they had so lacerated, and whose affections they had so wantonly wronged. Was not this a lesson? Oh, that the young might all lay it to heart!

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.

It's mortal hard work to make the young believe this, when the handsome *doer* is clad in plain features and ungraceful form; but as our years grow more in number we all learn the lesson, and some of us learn the reverse of it to our sorrow.

How many a man, aye, and how many a woman, has rejected and neglected the love or friendship of a homely person, to receive admiringly that of the beautiful. And how many, many have tasted what wormwood and gall there is in being bound for life to a handsome fool. How hard it is to understand the heart by what is seen in the face and form. See that fair creature, whose fine color comes and goes at every breath. Is she not the incarnation of virgin modesty, sweetness and beauty?

Do you wonder that half the young men of her town are bent on obtaining her favor? She *is* as fresh and lovely to the sight as a blooming rose, but wo to the man who shall win her. After his triumphant and half delirious joy in his possession shall have passed, he will come to the knowledge that his prize is given him for a *scourge*, for that beautiful being is destitute of nearly all the sterling qualities of female worth. She is inordinately vain, and has not the skill to hide her vanity, although she *has* the cunning and disingenuousness to *try* to do so, and the shallowness of perception to believe that she succeeds. She is like the ostrich, which, hiding her head in the sand, thinketh that none can see her. She will worry her husband nearly out of his senses with senseless teasings. She will never be able to comprehend *why* he cannot be always with her, and at her beck and call, and at the same time always be successful in business, and well stocked with money. She will whine and complain to him about things that are beyond his control as well as her own. She will be jealous if he pays the rightful attentions of friendship and universally incumbent gallantry to other women. All day long (were she to have the chance) and all the night, she will vex his ears by most unreasonable murmurs. She will exercise no fortitude, no patience, no perseverance. She will give way to irritability on every occasion, and then call it *nervousness*, and demand his pity and indulgence. If he ventures to say one reproving word, she will instantly and fully justify herself, and *think* him, if she does not *call* him so, a monster of cruelty. At every pain and ache that she feels, and *especially* every time the children cry or are sick, she will go into despair and wish that she had never been married. She will, if the result depend on *her* conduct, be sure to ruin everything which requires sound judgment, cool common sense, and prompt, decisive action. Of any of these she seems incapable. She will put her husband to open shame a thousand times a year by her folly of speech or action. She will be as a thorn in his heart, as vinegar between his teeth, and as smoke in his eyes, as long as they two shall live, and all the more so if he be faithful-hearted, and if he always love her as he did at first; for there is no misery, mortification or trouble that an affectionate heart knows, which is so dreadful as that inflicted by those whom it loves.

There is no truer saying in Holy Writ than this: "Like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman without discretion." Though a maiden beautiful both in mind and body *is* the fairest thing the Creator ever made, Lord Kame declares that the love inspired by homely people is the most deep and enduring. It is not likely to be founded on outward appearance, and when one has once become attached to a plain person, who proves to be the reverse of what is the character of the beauty above described, he becomes more and more attracted as new charms of mind unfold, and at last the plain mortal part, to *his* vision, assumes the fadeless beauty of immortality.

A. S.

DWARFS.

There appears to be no reason drawn from either physiology or analogy, why the most astonishing powers of intellect, the soundest sense, the most luxuriant imagination, should not take up their abode in those abridgments of human nature, called dwarfs. But if, from speculating on the *possibility* of having dwarf statesmen, philosophers, and poets, we proceed to inquire into the results of actual experience, we shall indeed find less reason to expect a Locke thirty inches high, or an epic poem written by fingers no thicker than a goose-quill. Among all those human toys that have at different times amused Romans and children, carried knights' shields, and ladies' love-letters, told monarchs unpalatable truths, and danced hornpipes upon tables, we cannot remember one distinguished by higher mental powers than were sufficient to produce a timely jest or smart repartee, while numbers of the dwarfish tribe have ranked yet lower in the scale of intellect. Genius, indeed, would be no compensation for tiny stature; on the contrary, it would considerably aggravate the misfortune of personal singularity. That acute sensibility, that proud consciousness of superiority, which usually accompany strong mental powers, would for ever torment and distress the tenant of a ridiculously small body: he would be angered by the coaxing tone of familiarity which it is scarcely possible to avoid when addressing a little creature of childish proportions, he would indignantly spurn the privileges to which diminutive size could alone entitle him, and perhaps reject the proffered kiss of rank and beauty, which would not be offered were he three feet taller, and which, if three feet taller, he would consider worth an age of homage and exertion. The pointing finger of vulgar astonishment would outweigh the applause of the learned, and wreaths of bay and laurel would not console him for the impossibility of walking through a town without a troop of rude gazers at his heels. Better, happier is it for Dwarfs, that instead of being *wise*, they are *vain;* that they are generally great admirers of their own curious little figures, amused by dressing and decorating them, and inclined, like a conceited woman, preposterously attired, to mistake the stare of astonishment for the homage of admiration. On the score of intellect they feel equally comfortable: every thing they say is listened to with attention, and its merit, by an almost unavoidable mistake, magnified by the smallness of their stature. Compliments, witticisms, and remarks, which would be considered very commonplace if they issued from a mouth five feet from the ground, are highly applauded when they proceed from one at half the distance.

"THE WINDS ARE SIGHING, CHARLIE."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN

The winds are sighing, Charlie,
Sighing olden music o'er
With a haunting tone thro' the scenes now lone
Where once we wandered, Charlie,
Where we'll wander nevermore.

The birds are dreaming, Charlie,
Dreaming of the rose to-night—
But the perfumed spring no more will bring
Thy voice of music, Charlie,
And thy soft smile's worshiped light.

The stars are smiling, Charlie,
Smiling sweetly once again—
But *alone* I gaze on their lovely rays,
And tears come gushing, Charlie,
Like a clouded heart's cold rain.

My heart is sighing, *Charlie!*
Sighing olden music o'er,
With a haunting tone thro' the chords now lone,
That once could charm thee, Charlie,
That may charm thee nevermore!

THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A REVENUE OFFICER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

For more than a year our revenue vessels upon the sea, and a posse upon the land, had been in search of the smuggler, Ralph Morwood; but he had eluded us at every step, and still carried on his illicit traffic in spite of us. We knew that the northern part of Lancashire was flooded with rum and brandy of his smuggling; but the people along the coast were all friendly to him, and lent him their assistance. Finally we learned, through careful spies whom we sent out, that his usual place of entry was somewhere on the eastern shore of Morecambe Bay, between the Wash of the Loyne and Westmoreland, and, furthermore, that he had a great quantity of contraband liquor stored near the coast.

After considerable consultation, it was decided that I should take the matter into my own hands, and ferret out the depot of the smugglers if I could. I had not much hopes of success where so many had failed; but perhaps fortune might favor me, and so I took it. I was permitted to call for as many men as I wanted, and I selected thirty of the most reliable, and bade them make their way to Lancaster, and there remain till I called for them. I instructed them not to go in company, but to travel along as though each was on business of his own, and not herd together after they reached the city, only being sure to have such an arrangement among themselves that they could be assembled with the least possible delay. A lieutenant, named Windham, was to be their leader, and with him I had an understanding, so that I could find him at any moment.

These arrangements were made at Liverpool, and as soon as I had seen my men off—some by water, and some by land—I proceeded to get ready to start myself. I got a peddler's license, and then bought a couple of small tin trunks, which I filled with trinkets and nick-nacks of almost all descriptions, and having assumed a garb befitting my new calling, I took the stage for Lancaster, from whence I traveled on foot as far as Carnford. At this latter place I made some inquiries, but could learn nothing which I had not known before, though I suspected that much more was known than was told to me. I had my trunks hung over my shoulders by a broad leathern strap, and I stopped and opened them, and bartered and gossiped at the same time.

A short distance beyond Carnford the post-road makes an abrupt turn to the right, while a narrower way leads on by the coast towards the confines of Westmoreland. The latter road was the one I took, for I felt that the nearer I kept to the sea, the more likely I should be to learn something of the smugglers. As I left the post-route, the houses became few and far between, and the people seemed poor enough; but I stopped at every dwelling, and as I exhibited and descanted upon my wares, I touched upon the subject of the contrabandists. But nobody knew anything about them, and some solemnly declared that they had never heard of such a thing in that section of country.

I had now reached a point where the road led through a wild, woody and rocky district, sometimes close to the coast, and at others farther off. Where it was furthest from the water there were hills, and woods and huge crags intervening, and it struck me as being the very sort of a spot wrong-doers would choose for a landing-place, for amid such a wild, intricate mass of rock and wilderness, there must be paths in which one acquainted with them could easily elude any number of pursuers. And, beside this, we knew that much contraband stuff had been landed very near here. But this was not all. I had another proof, and a very conclusive one, too, that I was on the right track. It was in the flat denials which the peasants made when I spoke of the smugglers. I knew there had been much smuggling done in that neighborhood, and that these people must, at least, have heard of it; so when they flatly denied having ever heard of any such thing, I simply knew that they lied. And I knew more: I knew they must have a purpose in lying. If the smugglers had only been there occasionally, and had no regular depot in that vicinity, they would not have been so anxious to hide their knowledge.

It had got to be near five o'clock, and the nearest village ahead was in Westmoreland, so I determined to keep on to that place and spend the night, and then hover about until I could gain some positive intelligence. I had just started on with this intention, when I noticed that a storm was at hand. Heavy black clouds had rolled up over the rocks and hills, and the wind was rising. I could not see the waters of the bay, for a long line of crags and woods was between them and the road; but I could hear the breakers dashing over the rocks, and I knew the sea was not very far distant. Very soon the wind broke into fitful gusts, and large drops of rain began to fall. I hurried on, and ere long had the good fortune to see a dwelling by the road-side, only a short distance ahead. It was a small, steep-roofed cot, thatched with straw, with a few dilapidated outbuildings, situated on the left hand side of the way, and surrounded by dense woods. The door was open, and I entered without ceremony, for at that moment the rain came pouring down in a torrent. The only inmates were an old woman and a girl, the latter being a stout, rugged-looking creature, some sixteen years of age.

I asked if I could have shelter there from the storm. The woman looked into my face with a searching glance, and finally said yes. So I placed my trunks in one corner, and then sat down. I was considerably wet, and feeling somewhat chilly, I asked if there was any spirit in the house. At a sign from the old woman, the girl brought me some, which I found to be pure old French brandy.

"That is something of the right stamp," I said, as I wiped my lips.

"Yes," returned my hostess. "It is some that my son brought up from Lancaster."

I had a strong suspicion that she was lying, but I kept my thoughts to myself, and pretty soon she commenced to get supper.

The storm grew more furious, and I noticed that both the females were very anxious, and that they frequently went to the back door, and listened to the roar of the distant breakers. Nine o'clock came, and as it still rained hard, I remarked that I should have to remain with them over night. The old woman made no objections, but took up a candle, and led the way into a little apartment in one corner, where I found two mattrasses spread upon the floor. She told me that was the best she could do, and if I could sleep there I was welcome. I answered that I was grateful for any port in a storm, and with a mumbling reply, which I could not understand, she left me. I quickly undressed, and having found some old pieces of sailcloth which had been used for sheets, I covered myself up.

I soon fell asleep, but the events of the day, and the various suspicions which I had entertained, so worked upon me, that my slumbers were uneasy and troubled. I had lain thus perhaps an hour, when I was awakened by a lull in the storm, and I supposed it was clearing off. I soon fell asleep again, and when I was next awakened, it was by some one's entering the cot. I heard a rough voice call out for the old woman, and in a few moments more I heard her reply.

"Hush!" she uttered. "Is that you, Ralph?"

"Yes," returned the new-comer.

"Be careful," she added, "for there's a 'loper in the bunk-room."

"A 'loper?" repeated the man, with an oath. "What's he doin' here?"

"He's only a poor peddler that got caught in the storm. He'll do no damage if ye let him be."

I heard thus much, and then I heard more men enter—two more, at least—and then the door was closed. After this a light was struck, the rays from which shone through the cracks of my thin partition, and then followed some conversation in suppressed tones. Fortune had thrown me upon the track now, sure enough. That Ralph Morwood was in the next room I was certain, and I was equally certain that this was one of his regular posts. Presently I heard the old woman say that she knew I was asleep, and then Morwood replied that he would convince himself of it before he trusted me. I saw, from the motion of the light, that he had taken up the candle, and as quickly as possible I sank down, and pretended to be in a sound sleep. He came into my room, and having gazed upon me a few moments, he held the candle close to my face, and passed it to and fro. But I made no movement. Then the light was withdrawn, and the fellow muttered—

"I'll kill him while he sleeps, and there'll be no more trouble! This knife'll find his heart before he can know he is hurt!"

For a single instant there was a thought of self-preservation flashing through my mind, but before I had made any movement with that design, I remembered that this might be only another test, and I pretended to sleep on. I heard him draw his knife, and knew that he was bending over me; but he soon went away, and softly closed my door after him, after which I heard him in conversation with his companions.

I got upon my hands and knees, and crept softly to where I had seen the widest crack, through which I easily gained a view of the occupants of the other room. There were three of them—stout, hard, rough-looking fellows—and the old woman was with them. It would be useless to note all the conversation I heard; but I heard all I could have desired. I learned that the smugglers had a secret place, close at hand, where they stored such of their contraband goods as they were forced to land before they were sold; and also that they had a cargo on the coast which they must bring up as soon as possible, and they had come up now to make arrangements for that purpose.

"We shall be ready to commence at twelve o'clock to-morrow night," said Ralph Morwood, "and you must see our friends in the morning, and be sure that they will be on hand."

These "friends," I learned, were peasants who lived in the neighborhood, and who lent their assistance in landing goods when required. The old woman promised that everything should be attended to in season, and furthermore remarked that she would see that the coast was kept clear.

Morwood came into my room again to try me, but I stood the test, and shortly afterwards he and his companions left the cot.

In the morning I got up, and eat breakfast with my hostess. She was very particular to know if I had slept well, and I assured her that I was never better satisfied with a night's rest in my life. I gave her half a crown, and then slung my trunks over my shoulders, and took my leave. The distance to Lancaster was only fifteen miles, and I reached that city by the middle of the forenoon. I found Windham at his tavern, and before noon all my men had been notified. It was arranged that we should meet, at eight o'clock that evening, in a small wood between there and Carnford, when we would proceed upon our mission.

At the time appointed we were all together in the wood, and I then related to my men what I had seen and heard. I described to them the location of the cot where I had spent the night, and ordered them to follow me, and halt at my further directions. I was to go ahead, and they were to drop along, singly or in couples, so as not to excite the suspicion of any of the peasants who might chance to see us. By eleven o'clock we were together again, close by the smuggler's cot. We found a good hiding-place in the wood, where we could observe any one who might approach the dwelling, and there we lay in wait. About half an hour after midnight we heard the tramp of men coming up through the wood from the sea, and ere long we saw dusky forms approaching the cot. We could not distinguish much by the dim starlight, but we could see that there were a large number of them, and that they stopped by one of the small out-buildings. In a few moments more, we heard the squealing of a pig, and shortly after that the fellows seemed to be very busily at work.

Now was the time, I thought, and I passed the word for my men to be ready; and as soon as they had their weapons at hand, I gave the order for starting. We took our way carefully down, under cover of the wood, and when we came to the point where we must show ourselves, I gave a loud shout, and dashed forward, with my men close at my heels. The smugglers were taken so completely by surprise that we had a score of them down and handcuffed ere they knew what had happened. The remainder showed some fight, but we easily and quickly overcame them; and when we had no more fighting to do, we looked around to see what had been going on. There were some forty small kegs of spirit lying upon the ground, while close at hand I observed a broad opening in the earth, like the mouth of a pit, with a board fence upon three sides of it. I took one of the lanterns which the smugglers had dropped, and examined the mysterious looking place. I found it to be a curious contrivance. In the day-time this had seemed to be but a very ordinary pig-pen, the bottom covered with straw and dirt, and a pig grunting about in it; and it had been passed and re-passed many times by officers who were in search of the smugglers' depot, without exciting suspicion. But now the pig had been removed, the straw cleared away, the plank flooring taken up, and the way opened to a vast subterranean vault, where we found over five hundred casks of various sizes, and containing various kinds of liquor, besides several boxes of tea, tobacco, and sugar!

As soon as I had seen my prisoners safe I took half of my men and moved down to the coast. It was a crooked, hidden way, among rocks and trees, but it had been traveled so much that, by the help of the lanterns, we managed to follow it. At the water's edge we found three boats, in charge of six men; and as they thought we were friends until we got close upon them, we had no difficulty in securing them. The boats were loaded with kegs of brandy, and had just come to the shore.

Not far off I saw a brig at anchor, which I knew must be the smugglers' vessel, and having learned that only two of the crew were on board, I had one of the boats cleared out, and then sent off four of my men in her to take the brig, and stay on board till I relieved them.

My next movement was to find a horse, which I did without trouble, and then I sent a man off to Lancaster with orders for a posse of men from that port. Just at daylight my messenger returned with twenty men, and our work after that was easy. We captured the whole smuggler crew, took their vessel, and got contraband goods to the amount of between five and six thousand pounds sterling.

"Aha! you're the peddler, eh?" cried Ralph Morwood, when he saw my face by daylight.

"Exactly," said I.

"Oh!" he added, with a gnash of the teeth, and a furious clanging of his irons, "I wish I'd only known it!—ye wouldn't have done this, my fine fellow!"

"I'm just as much obliged to you," I returned. "But if you'd pricked me with your knife, or burnt my nose with your candle, I might have waked up."

He said no more, and I passed on to the cot, in hopes to find the old woman and the damsel there, whom I had entirely neglected during the night. But they had flown. However, we had enough, and as the hospitable dame had helped me so much I was rather glad she had gone.

TOO LATE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

She is dying—her lamp of life is flickering,
Faint is its light;
Damp are the heavy curls that cluster round
Her brow so white;
Damp with the drops which herald the approach
Of Death's cold, starless night.

Her pale lips move—she speaks—and bending low,
We hear her say:
"Alas! in vain I wish to see him now,
He's far away;
In bitter anger my love from me departed,
He will not come to-day.

"Tell him his hasty words were harsh and cruel,
When last we met;
Tell him that many a weary hour I've passed,
With keen regret
For my companion—while Hope would sometimes whisper,
There's joy in the future yet.

"Tell him I leave for him love and forgiveness;
And now—Good-bye."
Meekly she folds her hands—a tear-drop dims
Her darkening eye;
Then her pure, gentle spirit wings its flight,
To realms of light on high.

Hark! there are footsteps hurriedly approaching
The garden gate;
Nearer they come—her lover comes to greet her;
(Inexorable Fate!)
The white-robed form no welcome has to give him,
He comes too late—too late.

HORACE GILMOR.

A LEAF FROM A PHYSICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Some years ago I was called upon to visit a patient, at one of the largest hotels of the city. I met the gentleman, of course, as a stranger, but a physician comes as a friend to the bedside of the suffering, and I soon found myself more deeply interested in this young man than often happens to me in the course of my practice.

He told me he was dying of consumption, and I could well believe it when I looked upon his worn and emaciated frame, listened to his hurried and irregular breathing, the cough that convulsed his whole physical frame, at short intervals, and saw the color come and go at every exertion.

But it was not these common symptoms of that insidious and incurable disease that interested me. Had they been all I should certainly have exerted my skill to render comfortable the short remainder of a life I had no power to prolong, and those efforts would have ended the duties and cares imposed by our relation of physician and patient.

But I detected, together with a sweetness and amiability of temper that charmed me, a deep-seated, apparently ineradicable melancholy that fascinated me, while it piqued my curiosity. There was something magnetic about this sweet sadness. It thrilled me, and gradually brought me to the same mood, and I would leave my patient's apartment full of a vague, but deep sorrow, that seemed a reflection of his own. I had prided myself on my ability to look upon all forms of suffering undismayed and unaffected, but here I was, at the first moment, receiving this man's mental malady, like a sensitive school-girl!

Day by day I visited him, and finding that in his feeble condition the bustle and noise of the great hotel precluded that quiet by day, and calm sleep by night that he so much needed, I made interest with an excellent family of my acquaintance, who lived near me, and had him removed thither.

Here I saw him frequently, as I was in the habit of calling nearly every time I passed the door. My wife, also, hearing me often mention the interest I felt in him, went frequently to visit him. She, too, was charmed by his gentle sadness and his ardent gratitude for every attention that was paid him; and the family with whom he was established soon came to love him as a son and brother.

It seemed indeed remarkable that a stranger of whom we absolutely knew nothing save his name, and that of his birthplace and the home of his parents at the South, should so have won all hearts. With regard to his history and antecedents he was reserved, and yet no one of us believed that any crime attached to this mystery.

I had several times offered to write to his mother, who he had informed me was still living, but he had refused my offer.

"She is old, and too feeble in health to come to me," he would say, "and need not be troubled with any tidings of her truant son, until she is informed that I am no more. Be patient, Doctor," he would add, "your task will not be long. Before I die I will tell you my sad, brief story, and give you every necessary direction for communicating with the few friends fate has left me, and for disposing of my effects."

It was not until two days before his death that I learned the history of that deep, rankling sorrow that had made a lonely wanderer of one well calculated to adorn the domestic circle and to illustrate the virtues of the patriot, and had finally brought him to the verge of the grave, while yet in the flower of his manhood.

I had been with him in the morning and had found him unusually cheerful. He smilingly assured me that he had not felt so strong and well in months, and I remember his saying, with a faint sigh, that he might perhaps be recovering. I knew he had no wish to live, so that I understood the sigh, and the smile and jest that followed and covered it, as he said that if I effected a cure upon him, I might advertise myself as one able to raise the dead.

I was not deceived by this apparent cessation of the more violent symptoms of the disease, but I own that I was startled when, on my return to dinner, about four o'clock, I called again. During my absence he had been unusually talkative and cheerful, and had probably over-exerted himself, though at any rate he could not have lived many days. But a violent attack of coughing had siezed him. In his convulsive efforts he had ruptured a blood-vessel, in the lungs, and was actually bleeding to death, as my first glance at his blood-stained pillows and ghastly face too well assured me.

Restoratives were immediately applied and the hemorrhage soon checked, but my patient lay in a state of weakness and utter prostration not easy to conceive by one who has never seen a similar case. I thought he could not possibly survive the night, and feared he would die without having the power to give the directions he had promised, and to satisfy the anxious desire of us all to know the history of his life.

But contrary to my expectations he rallied, and his life was prolonged until the close of the week, which had just commenced at the period of his attack. Two days, as I before said, previous to his death he told me the story I shall here set down. It was told with many interruptions, and in feeble tones, sometimes difficult to understand, but I think I have preserved a faithful record of its main incidents.

Horace Gilmor was the son of wealthy parents. His early home was surrounded by the richest luxuriance of tropical scenery—a plantation, remote from large towns, and separated by leagues of wilderness and miles of cultivated lands from the seaport which was the market for its productions. Though so remote from the busier haunts of men, Mr. Gilmor's plantation was by no means a lonely spot—the cotton fields, and the negro quarters were full of busy life, while the house itself resounded always with the pleasant bustle of a large family, and within sight of its windows and broad verandahs, were two other similar dwellings—the homes of planters like Mr. Gilmor.

Horace was the youngest of the flock, by many years. Previous to his birth the eldest son of the family had established himself in New Orleans, and the eldest daughter had married and removed to her husband's home.

It was not many years before Horace alone was left in that pleasant home, of all the children of Mr. Gilmor. The lad, for by this time he was well-grown, would then have been lonely indeed, had he not found society congenial to his tastes at the houses of the neighboring planters.

Each of these gentlemen was father of a daughter nearly of the same age of Horace Gilmor. From infancy the three had been playmates, and their affection only increased with years. So long as Horace could have the society of Clara Delamere and Sophia Lawson, he scarcely felt the absence of his own brothers and sisters, all of whom were so much older than himself as to preclude the growth of that close intimacy which frequently exists among children of the same family.

The trio—Horace, Clara and Sophia, were scarcely ever separated for a day, until the period arrived when it became necessary to send them from home for the completion of their education. Hitherto they had been taught by a tutor engaged for that purpose, meeting for study, alternately at each other's house.

This separation was the first and saddest trial which these three young creatures had ever been called to endure. To the two girls the sorrow was lightened by the fact that they were not to be parted. Both were to be pupils of the same school, and find a nome with an aunt of Clara Delamere's, who lived in the town where the seminary was situated. But Horace was to lose them both, and to go from home the first time in his life, quite alone.

Though many and bitter were the tears shed at parting, these young people were consoled, as others are, by the new scenes and employments on which they entered. And though they protested, and really felt that they could never be happy again, at the time they left home, they all contrived to endure the separation with a great deal of cheerfulness, though they by no means forgot each other.

Four years passed before the three were again domiciled beneath the roofs of their respective parents, though in this interval they had met several times, for short periods.

Then they returned to leave no more. Horace was to remain with his father and assist in the cares of the plantation—the girls to live in their fathers' homes until transferred to those of their husbands'.

Of course the old intimacy, modified by their increased age, was renewed. Hitherto the relation existing between these youthful friends had been nearly fraternal, and for a time it continued so. Warmer feelings, however, sprung up at last; and though for a long time Horace found it difficult to decide which he loved best, loving both so well, his heart at length fixed itself upon Clara Delamere.

With the consent of their parents the youthful pair were betrothed, but owing to their extreme youth the marriage was to be delayed until Horace reached his twenty-first year. Meanwhile there was no apparent change in the deportment of the three. To the lovers, Sophia Lawson was as a sister, equally beloved by both, and equally loving. The hours, the days, the months flew past full of happiness. Love cast its enchantment over their lives, and they existed in a magic realm of bliss.

Their dream of joy met with a sorrowful interruption when, during the year previous to that fixed for the marriage, Clara Delamere went to pay a long-promised visit to an aunt in New Orleans—a visit which her parents were unwilling that she should postpone until after the wedding as was desired both by herself and Horace. But the hope of speedy reunion sustained those who were left behind, and they were wise enough to fill the blank caused by her absence with cheerful pursuits.

Notwithstanding, it was during this absence of Clara, that the first great sorrow fell upon Horace Gilmor.

During the winter season assemblies were regularly held at the town hall of the county-seat distant but a few miles from Spring Hill, the residence of our friends. To one of these Horace obtained the consent of her parents to escort Sophia. And accordingly, on a fine winter afternoon, they set out for the scene of their hoped for enjoyment.

Sophia was in exuberant spirits. Horace thought he had never seen her so gay, and pleased himself with the thought that he had been instrumental in affording her a gratification so congenial to her tastes and age, and from which, owing to the secluded situation of her home, she was almost entirely debarred. There seemed no shadow across her sunny pathway; no premonition of her coming fate chilled her heart.

The ball-room was filled at an early hour. Horace was to dance the first dance with Sophia, and was waiting impatiently for the signal, when he was called from the room to attend to some matter of business, of importance to his father. He would have excused himself, but Sophia begged him to go, and accepted the invitation of a mutual friend for the dance, that Horace might feel quite at liberty.

He was absent but a few moments. The sound of the music made him impatient to return; and he was bounding gaily up the stairs, when a cry of horror issued from the assembly room; the music suddenly ceased, and through the open doors he saw the crowd rushing toward the centre of the room, while several voices called his name in loud tones. He pressed forward and saw Sophia Lawson lying upon the floor, partly supported in her partner's arms.

She was dead! In an instant, with no warning, not even one pang, she had passed from this life to the next! Horace bore the dead girl to her home. There was mourning and desolation where her presence had been joy and light. Clara and Horace decked her grave with flowers, and went daily to mingle their tears above the sod that covered the form of one they had so dearly loved.

The marriage was delayed, until the mourning both wore should be laid aside. Neither felt that any joy could be complete in which she did not participate. At first they could not feel that their deep grief could ever be assuaged.

Nevertheless "Time the comforter" performed his work of healing.

Little more than a year had passed, when Horace accompanied Clara to the place which had been the scene of Sophia's death, with the same joyous anticipations. The assembly to be held was in commemoration of some historical event, and was to be unusually brilliant in appointments.

They thought, often, of Sophia, and talked of her as they drove along the pleasant winter roads, with a soft, chastened melancholy. Clara was inclined to indulge in some slight and vague superstitious fears. But Horace rallied her, until she forgot them, and turned to thoughts of the triumphs he predicted for her.

Clara danced once with Horace. He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful, as in her rich and becoming dress, she moved through the mazes of the dance, her soft color flickering over her cheek, and her eyes modestly cast down. He was surprised as he led her to a seat to hear her whisper:

"I feel very ill, Horace, and should like to go home."

"Not yet, surely, dearest Clara," he replied, "I will take you to a cooler room and you will recover. You are only a little fatigued and excited. That is all, is it not?"

She assented, with a languid smile, and suffered herself to be led away. Rest did not revive her, but, unwilling to deprive Horace of a pleasure he highly enjoyed, she soon returned to the assembly-room. But it was in vain that she strove to maintain an appearance of ease, and Horace soon seeing that she was really ill, besought her to return home.

They went. The sick girl leaned heavily upon Horace's shoulder, moaning in pain, and long before the long, dark way was passed, she lay in utter helplessness in his arms.

They laid her upon her bed, when she reached home, and she never rose from it again. Her disease was one of the violent and fatal fevers of the country, and soon ended in death. Clara Delamere was laid beside Sophia. Lovely in life, and united in death, they rest beneath the magnolias that shed their glorious blossoms, an odorous offering, upon their early graves.

Horace Gilmor became a wanderer. Henceforth his home was hateful to him. Every object he looked upon, all familiar sounds, the odorous breezes, the sunset clouds, all recalled the lost. Over the face of the earth he sought peace in vain. For years he had borne the burden of his great sorrow, but release had come at last. With a smile of almost triumph he breathed his last in my arms.

In compliance with his dying request, we sent his remains to his Southern home, and to-day they repose beneath the magnolias that cast their huge shadows on the graves of the three friends.

FLOWERS.

Of all the animate and inanimate productions of nature, flowers have the least reason to complain of the neglect or unkindness of man; and Æsop, Gay, and La Fontaine in conjunction, would find it difficult to discover a grievance for them which they could lay, with any justice, at the foot of Jove's imperial throne. In every age and every nation they have been honored and cherished, loved and admired. In the olden time they graced the festivals, and adorned the altars, of the deities. A goddess, ever blooming and young, superintended their interests, and her marriage with the gentle Zephyrus must have singularly promoted the welfare of her delicate subjects. They have been showered on the heads of heroes, been twisted into the chaplets of Hymen, and chosen by Love as his most appropriate gifts, and most intelligible symbols. Affection has delighted to strew them on the graves of the departed, and poetry has sung their praise, till the wearied ear turns from the oft-told tale.

"Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,"

are tastes and studies of this description, when cultivated as the amusement, not the business of life, and kept in due subserviency to higher and more useful pursuits.

HOURS OF SADNESS.

Though *youth* be a season of jollity, yet it is in hours of sadness that the *man* is most strongly reminded of the days of yore. The deep feeling of melancholy is the only one that extends like a clue through life; that blends present, past, and future, into one, and places our indentity palpably before us. It is the point at which we all feel at home; and when, after intervals of apathy and distraction, we return to it, it seems as if life, like time, were but a series of revolutions, and at certain periods found itself at the very goal from whence it first started.

SONG,

ON THE SUCCESS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

There's a sound upon the mountains;
There's a sound upon the lea;
Voices by the inland waters;
Voices by the grand old sea;
Continents are in rejoicing;
Worlds themselves are clasping hands—
Hark! the hymns of Peace are blending
From a thousand, thousand lands!

II.

There's a sound within the heavens!
How it falls on hill and glen,
Through the trumpets of God's Angels—
"Peace on Earth! Good-will to men!"
See the wings of Time are trembling;
See the shades of prophets old;
See from Judah's mounts of vision
Pass away the mystic fold!

III.

Nations! for a moment silence—
Feel you not a Presence nigh?
Listen! bow your heads and listen!—
God Himself is passing by:
Though unseen, He blesses Ocean
Through its wide, but fathomed, span—
For at last it owns His power
In the conquering Image—MAN!

August, 1858.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Accidentally meeting one day with an old schoolmate, whom I had lost sight of for a number of years, I learned in the first few minutes of our conversation that he had been a traveling colporteur, but had lately married and settled in the West, turned storekeeper, and was now on a visit to some of his friends at the East.

To some very natural inquiries which I made, he replied by telling me the following thrilling and romantic incident:

"The life of a colporteur," he began, "is a very hard and trying one. Traveling from place to place, as he does, through the more thinly-peopled sections of the country; imitating his Great Master so far as to be with the poor always; selling his religious works where he can—giving them away where money is wanting and he sees a chance of their doing good; holding meetings in the wilderness, perhaps a hundred miles from any regular church or pastor; visiting the sick; officiating for the dead; endeavoring to console the mourner; exposed to heat and cold, sunshine and storm; sometimes riding the whole day without food, and often passing the night in the most unhealthy and wretched quarters; continually meeting with incidents and accidents of the most disagreeable nature; now receiving the blessings of the good, and anon the bitter curses of the bad: all this, my friend, is very trying to one poor human system, and there are few men so constituted as to be able to hold out in the good work for any great length of time.

"During the few years which I spent in this manner, in what I may call the wilderness of the West, many events occurred, which, could I now recall, and had I time to relate, I believe would deeply interest you; but I will only give you the most remarkable one of all, and the one most closely interwoven with my life and destiny.

"One dull, gloomy, drizzling day, during the spring of the last year I served in the capacity I have mentioned, I found myself, near the setting in of night, passing through a long, dreary wood, where for miles I had not seen any habitation. In fact, since noon of that day, I had passed but one dwelling, a poor, miserable log-hut, where for myself I had obtained rather a lunch than a meal, but had not been able to procure anything for my weary horse. How far I had yet to go to reach a habitation where I could find shelter for the night, I could not say, and in consequence I began to feel quite uneasy. My horse was fatigued and hungry, and myself cold, wet, and uncomfortable.

"Spurring on my jaded beast, however, in the hope that I should yet find some comfortable lodging on the way, I rode some two miles further, and descended into a steep, narrow valley, through which flowed a swift mountain stream, and across which led the narrow road I was pursuing.

"It was now getting quite dark; and as I reached the stream and heard the gloomy murmur of its swollen waters, and knew not if it were safe to attempt the ford, I felt quite disheartened, and was half tempted to turn back and encamp as best I could upon the high ground of the hill above.

"But looking around me, as my poor horse pricked up his ears and uttered a pleading whinney, I espied a light a few rods below; and riding down to it, I was greatly relieved and rejoiced to find it proceeded from a neat and comfortable dwelling, which stood back some ten or fifteen yards from the stream, and probably as many feet above the level of its waters.

"On knocking at the door, it was opened by a very genteel looking woman, some forty-five or fifty years of age, who, from her dress and appearance, I judged to be in deep mourning. To my statement of who and what I was, and my application for permission to pass the night beneath her roof, she replied, in a kind and gentle tone, that she would be very happy to entertain me, if I would accept of her humble fare.

"Procuring a lantern, and a small measure of corn for my horse, I led him by direction to the other side of the hill, where, after hobbling, I turned him out to graze in a partially cleared field.

"On returning to the house, I was agreeably surprised to find a bright and pleasant fire, a smoking supper well under way, and, gracing the apartment with her mother, a young lady some eighteen years of age, whom at a single glance I considered one of the most beautiful and fascinating beings I had ever seen. She was of the medium hight, with light hair, blue eyes, and a pale, lovely face, upon which every noble virtue seemed to have set its seal. She was modest, retiring, and intelligent, and her voice was one of great sweetness and melody. From the very first I became deeply interested in her—to me she was a delicate flower blooming in a dreary wilderness—and consequently I became more than usually interested in the family history as related by her mother.

The elder lady was a widow by the name of Arlington, who, some three years previous to the time I speak of, had, with her husband and two children, removed from the eastward, and settled in the lonely place where I now found them. Some half a mile above their dwelling, and some two miles below what was then a small, but rather flourishing village, Mr. Arlington had erected a sawmill and grist mill. He had just got them completed and in good working order, when, one dark, stormy night, going out to raise the floodgate, he had fallen into the water, been swept down into the torrent, and drowned, the body being discovered the next day, some two or three miles below. Of the two children mentioned, the eldest, a son, some twenty years of age, had taken the place of his father since his death, and was now away at the mills; and the other, the daughter, Julia Arlington, was the one I have already described.

"'It was on a night similar to this, Mr. Perry,' pursued the widow, addressing me in a sad tone of deep feeling, 'that we met with that great misfortune which time can never repair—for what can compensate for the loss of a beloved husband and kind father? Never do I hear the hoarse murmurs of yonder stream, amid the dark and dismal watches of the night, that my mind is not borne back to that night of all nights of suffering suspense, and that awful realization which followed when the remains of him we so devotedly loved were brought here and placed before us, as if only for one final farewell of his clay-cold form! Oh! the anxious hours I pass, thinking of my son, whom, for aught I know, may come to the same untimely end! and on nights like this, when he is compelled to be away from home, I spend a great portion of my time in prayerful anxiety, and even the presence of a stranger is most heartily welcome, as a slight relief to the painful gloom, though we are seldom called upon to entertain one.'

"Mrs. Arlington shed tears as she spoke, and the fair Julia wept almost convulsively. I offered what consolation I could; told them to put their trust in Providence; that all seeming evils were for our good; and after some further conversation of a similar nature, and a narration in part of my own history, I read an appropriate chapter from the Bible, offered prayers, and retired for the night.

"The house was a small frame, some story and a half in hight, containing two or three rooms on the ground floor, and two above—one of which was assigned me for a lodging, the widow and her daughter remaining below. Being greatly wearied with my day's ride, I quickly turned in; and thinking of the fair Julia—her bereavement, loneliness, and consequent desolation—I soon fell asleep, to see her again in my dreams.

"I might have slept for a couple of hours—I cannot say; but on awaking, as I did, with something like a start, I heard the rain pouring down in torrents, and even fancied the hoarse murmurs of the mountain stream, as it dashed swiftly past over its rocky bed, were sounding in my ear.

"'Thank God for this comfortable shelter!' was my mental prayer, and again I fell asleep.

"From this second sleep, which was more sound than the first, I was aroused by several wild, appalling shrieks. Starting up in bed, I was horrified, almost paralyzed, at hearing the terrible roar and rush of heavy waters around me, and of feeling the whole building tremble and shake, as if it were about to be wrenched from its foundation, torn asunder, and scattered in fragments.

"For a few moments I knew not where I was, and could not comprehend what had happened; but the continuous shrieks for help, and a fancied recognition of the voice of Julia Arlington, brought back my recollection to the point of retiring to rest, and then the whole truth seemed suddenly to flash upon me.

"And merciful God! what a truth! what a horrible reality; the mountain stream had burst its former boundaries, had ascended its banks in a wild, roaring, raging flood; had partially submerged the dwelling of my kind hostess, and was now surging past with that terrific power which no strength or art of man can check, and which, in its awful force and sublimity, seems to mock his weakness, and tell him how frail, how helpless, how insignificant he is before one single element, when guided by the almighty hand of Omnipotence.

"As shriek on shriek still rose above the creaking and groaning of the swaying timbers of the dwelling—above the moanings of the blast, the plashing of the rain, and the gurgling, rushing, surging murmurs of the angry flood—I sprung from my bed, threw on a part of my clothing, hurried to the stairs, and commenced descending them rapidly.

"When a little more than half way down, I found, to my dismay and horror, that my feet were buried in water, and I knew that the parties below must be struggling in the liquid element to keep themselves from drowning. Laboring as I knew they must be under the most intense and terrible excitement, they might naturally want the presence of mind which would enable them to escape immediate destruction by gaining the second story; and shouting to them that help was at hand, I plunged boldly downward into some four feet depth of water, and went knocking about in the deep darkness among the different articles of furniture, but struggling forward to the point whence came the continued shrieks of fear and distress.

"The flood was still rising rapidly; it appeared to me that I could feel it gaining upon us every moment; the groaning and trembling house seemed about to be borne away, or come crumbling down around us; and I felt, if there were indeed any salvation for us, our lives depended upon the action of the momentous seconds which were so rapidly bearing us to the verge of eternity.

"Happily I soon reached the widow and her daughter, whom I found clasped in each others' arms, nearly beside themselves with terror, but instinctively keeping their heads above the water in which their bodies floated; and speaking to them some soothing words of hope which I little felt myself, I dragged them forward, found the stairs, and assisted them to the story above.

By this time poor Julia Arlington had fainted; but the mother, with a slight revival of hope, seemed to regain her presence of mind; and as we both bent over her daughter, chafing her limbs, and dashing water in her face, till she began to show signs of returning consciousness, she said to me, with the deep feeling of a fond and grateful parent:

"'May the Lord Almighty bless you for this! You must have been Providentially sent to our rescue; for without your aid, I am certain we should have been drowned below!'

"'Alas!' said I, somewhat gloomily, as the rising waters seemed to roar around us even more fearfully than ever; 'we are not yet saved! we are not yet saved! and the good God alone knows what fate is in reserve for us!'

"'God help us!' exclaimed the restored Julia, a few minutes later, as she stood trembling and clinging to her mother and myself, and endeavoring to peer around her in the awful darkness: 'I fear we shall yet be swept away by this terrible flood!'

"'I have my fears too!' I replied; 'but we will rely upon God's mercy, and hope to the last!'

Almost as I spoke, there came a louder creaking and groaning—then a crashing as of some breaking timbers—then a rocking to and fro, like a boat upon the waves—and then a seeming whirling and plunging downward and forward.

"'God help us now indeed!' I exclaimed; 'for we are already afloat—already in the grasp of the angry flood—and should be prepared for the worst, as becometh those who put their hope and trust in a Higher Power and a better world!'

"I need not dwell upon that never-to-be-forgotten night. I could not, if I would, describe our feelings of alternate hope and despair; our unspeakable anxieties, as we went whirling down with the rushing tide—rocking, rolling, plunging through the seething, bubbling waters; now striking some rock or tree with almost force enough to crush our frail tenement; now checked in our progress till some feeling of hope would revive; now torn from our moorings and sent onward again, a frail bubble upon the bosom of a maddened flood, till despair would awe us to silence in view of the impending death!

"All that dark and awful night was passed in a manner which, if you cannot imagine, I have no language to describe.

"Reaching at daylight a long, broad level, we floated out of the main current, and made a lodgement upon rising ground, as Noah's ark might have rested upon the summit of Mount Ararat.

"Here we remained through the day, in painful anxiety—watching the timbers, drift-wood, and wrecks of buildings which went floating past us—and humbly thanking God for our own wonderful preservation. Before noon the storm had begun to abate; and we saw the sun of that day set gloriously in the west, with the water subsiding around us.

"We passed another night beneath the same roof; but on the second day we were enabled to walk forth, and make our way to a settlement in the vicinity, where we were hospitably received, and where the anxious mother and sister were joined by the son and brother, whose escape from death had been almost as miraculous as our own.

"In conclusion I have only to add, that the acquaintance of two, begun amid such fearful and trying scenes, soon deepened into a friendship, which ripened into a pure and holy love; and Julia Arlington is now the wife of him who labored for her salvation through that long, dark, terrific night of tempest, flood, and staring death."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WASHINGTON comes out strong on the "black and white sheep" question, as to the reason why white sheep bear more wool than black ones. He says that it is not simply because there are more white sheep than black ones, and maintains that it is a well ascertained fact that a black sheep always has less wool than a white one. His theory is, that black wool is warmer than white wool, owing to the fact (as he says) that it absorbs more heat, and that, consequently, a black sheep does not require so much wool as a white one needs. We submit this doctrine to the criticism of our readers who are learned in sheep matters, with a caution not to let our ingenious correspondent pull the wool over their eyes.

DISCARDED.—You must decide your love affairs for yourself. A stranger, or even a friend, cannot say whether or not it would be best for you to marry a certain woman, about whom he knows nothing. You know what your feelings are towards her, but we do not. If you doubt her affection, you should satisfy yourself on that point. If you are jealous of somebody whom you imagine to be your rival, you should take measures to eradicate your jealousy as soon as possible. Do not get married, or even continue your courtship, until everything is made fair and square, and if the matter cannot be so adjusted, the sooner you drop it the better.

T. D.—Your "large number of persons" must be very poor critics, and exceedingly obtuse, if they suppose that Emerson Bennett and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., are one and the same person, and that the stories which appear under their respective names in the LEDGER are written by the same hand. It would be difficult to find two equally celebrated and popular writers whose productions differ so widely in every respect as those of Cobb and Bennett. To set the question at rest, we will say that these two gentlemen are distinct individuals, and real flesh-and-blood realities.

JENNIE.—It would not be improper for the ladies on the pic-nic committee to invite any one they please, to attend, whether friends or strangers. In regard to that "particular person," you seem to be quite wild. Take care that you do not make a fatal mistake. What can you know about the heart and character of a man whom neither you nor your friends have any knowledge of? Your talk about him is absurd.

NORTH END BOY.—You had better call on your old teacher, and inform him of the reports you have heard concerning his abuse of you, and give him a chance for a denial or explanation. You should also hold those who make the reports to a strict accountability. In this way you will get at the truth of the matter. Ten chances to one, your old teacher is wholly innocent of the conduct charged upon him.

H. R.—The young lady who is so desirous of learning how to make the acquaintance of an actor with whom she has fallen desperately in love, had better stop frequenting the theater and so dispose her affections that they will not be the means of bringing upon her lifelong misery and perhaps disgrace.

CHRISTMAS.—You need not be afraid that the lady will refuse you because you are a couple of years younger than she is. Go ahead.

WILLIAM L.—Good architects, who attend to their business properly, make money.

UPPER MISSISSIPPIAN.—Call on some good lawyer in your vicinity, state your case to him, and ask him what course you should pursue, what books to get, and where to get them. If possible, you had better get a situation as clerk in some good office, where they have plenty to do, and set hard at work upon the practical details of the business. You can thus acquire a knowledge of the *practise* of the law, at the same time that you are mastering its elementary and philosophical principles.

W. W.—Give the young lady a year's subscription to the LEDGER for the philopœna present, if you can't think of anything better. On meeting a new-married couple for the first time after the wedding, you should bow to the lady first, or you can give a bow and greeting which will include both. Shake hands with and congratulate the husband first, as he is to be considered (in the courteous, Pickwickian sense) as the luckiest party.

PRAIRIE BOY.—You must conciliate the old lady, which you can easily do by treating her with great respect, and performing little kindly acts for her. You can afford to wait a few months, and as you have the daughter on your side, you need not despair.

J. W. B.—It would not be impolite to accompany a young lady, whose mother was with her, home from church, if both the mother and daughter were willing you should do so. But if the mother were not willing, then it would be improper and intrusive for you to do so.

HIRAM B.—You will find a description of the great Strasburg clock in the Notices to Correspondents in the LEDGER of July 10th, of this year.

SENIOR.—There is undoubtedly some truth in the *principles* of phrenology, but in their application there is a wide field for error. In this country, the "science" has in too many cases fallen into the hands of narrow-minded adventurers, who are incapable of understanding its broad philosophical principles. Not one of the "professors" of phrenology in a hundred can delineate character with a respectable degree of accuracy, by craniological examinations. They cannot generalize from specific data; and are too ignorant of the laws of mental action and the combined and spontaneous influences of diverse motives to enable them to give anything like a true delineation of the predominant bent of a human mind. If a man's organ of "self-esteem" be large, they will tell him that he will despise base and mean actions, although he may be such a fool that he cannot distinguish between the noble and the base, or such a monster of depravity that his self conceit would only come into play in confirming him in the practice of his iniquities. So, when you "get your head examined," be cautious how you put implicit confidence in the declarations of the examiner.

CHEVALIER.—Your quotation, though not correct, is sufficiently like the original to enable us to understand what you refer to. The lines are as follows:

"'Tis thus from childhood's earliest hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away;
I never taught a dear gazelle
To greet me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And *love* me, it was sure to die."

It is strange you could not find the lines in your copy of Moore's works. They occur in "The Fire-Worshipers."

A. P. D.—Sends us (and so do several others) a solution of the tree problem which appeared in a recent number of the LEDGER, and which was as follows:—A tree one hundred feet high was broken, and the broken part fell ten feet from the base, still adhering to the tree. At what distance from the bottom was the tree broken? The answer is 49 feet 6 inches. For the benefit of the "little fellows" in algebra, who are ambitious to work out the problem, we will say, they can let x equal the distance from the foot of the tree at which the break occurs; then as the tree was 100 feet high, the length of the part which falls down and touches its top to the earth at the distance of 10 feet from the base of the tree will be 100—x feet. This will give them a triangle, the base of which is 10 feet, the perpendicular x feet, and the hypotenuse 100—x feet. With this basis, they can easily go ahead and work out the problem.

M. A. Y.—A lady who is engaged to be married should be careful not to offend, or excite the jealousy of, her lover. The gift of her miniature to another, without her lover's knowledge and consent, would be injudicious, and her own self-respect should prevent her being coerced into parting with it as a condition for the return of an article which she had incautiously bestowed upon one who, by refusing to give it up when requested to do so, shows that he was unworthy to receive it. On the other hand, lovers should not attempt to hold too tight a rein over their betrothed sweethearts. Girls are so much more pure-minded than men, and so unsuspecting of wrong, that they often do things from the best of motives which jealous lovers torture into grave offenses, although in fact they are actually innocent, and in the eyes of a liberal, loving and generous-hearted man would not appear at all offensive.

D. McC.—You are mistaken in regard to Gratton's being a great lawyer. He was, it is true, "called to the Irish bar," as the phrase goes, when he was twenty-one years old, after having run a most brilliant career at the university; but after wandering his allotted period amongst the idlers and the bustlers of the profession, he relinquished the "legal frippery" (as he called it) forever, and prepared to spend the remainder of his days in the philosophic retirement which his patrimony allowed. But the stormy political times which followed called him from this coveted retirement, and in 1775 he took his seat for the first time in the Irish House of Commons. He there soon rose to the very first rank as a debater, orator, and statesman, and his fame went on increasing to the day of his death.

INQUIRER asks, "In walking with a lady, if I should meet a friend, with a lady not acquainted with me or with the lady in my company, the latter being also unacquainted with my friend, how could my friend and I introduce the ladies to each other?—Where should the process of introduction begin?" Your friend could introduce you to his companion, and then you could introduce the ladies to each other and your friend to your companion, or the performance could be reversed by your introducing your friend to your companion first, in which case he could introduce the ladies to each other.

SISTER-IN-LAW.—Your case is like that of most sisters-in-law who are of quick temper and sensitive. By exhibiting towards your sister some of the love and kindness and delicacy which you so vehemently exact of her, you would render your position in her family much less unpleasant than it now is, if not absolutely agreeable. A married woman, who has children to nurture, and the cares and responsibilities of a household to weary and harrass her, cannot be expected to exhibit such uniform amiability of temper as it should be the pride of every girl to cherish.

P. G. T.—Never mind the sneers of your vulgar acquaintances at your efforts to become familiar with all the rules of etiquette and your desire to acquire polished manners, but go on in the course you have marked out. Such knowledge and accomplishments as you are seeking to obtain are essential to your worldly advancement and your happiness. No one can be happy in company, or in the discharge of a public duty, unless he be at ease, nor can he be at ease without a consciousness that he is committing no blunders in etiquette, nor exhibiting awkwardness of manner.

ALFRED A.—We cannot say whether Louis XVII. of France was brought to America, as some claim, or whether he died in the "Temple" as the historians say. His sufferings were of course terrible and deserving of sympathy; but his family, "The Bourbons," inflicted equal suffering upon tens of thousands of poor children, and we have never heard any outcry about it.

SOCRATES.—According to your statement of the case, it is hardly probable that your aged uncle will ever give his consent to the marriage you are so anxious to consummate, nor have his eyes opened to the duplicity of your scheming cousin. There is a Scotch proverb that says, "There is no fool like an old fool," the truth of which your poor old uncle seems determined to exemplify.

INQUIRER asks, "In walking with a lady, if I should meet a friend, with a lady not acquainted with me or with the lady in my company, the latter being also unacquainted with my friend, how could my friend and I introduce the ladies to each other?—Where should the process of introduction begin?" Your friend could introduce you to his companion, and then you could introduce the ladies to each other and your friend to your companion, or the performance could be reversed by your introducing your friend to your companion first, in which case he could introduce the ladies to each other.

ROSABELLE.—It may be that the reason the young man is now so much more reserved in your presence than he used to be, is that he is in love with you, and does not know how to tell you of it, nor how to ascertain your feelings towards him. Keep quiet until he makes a demonstration.

ALICE says she has several times seen, in books and reviews, references to "Ugolino" and to "horrid Ugolino towers," &c., and she would be obliged if the LEDGER would tell her what or who "Ugolino" was. Ugolino was an Italian nobleman who sought to obtain the sovereignty of Pisa in the year 1288. He succeeded in his design, but afterwards, one of his chief confederates, named Ruggieri, betrayed him by false representations, and heading the enraged people, they imprisoned Ugolino and two of his sons in a strong tower, where they were starved to death. The tower has since been called La torre della fame—"the tower of famine." Horrid legends of the sufferings of the victims were circulated among the people, and handed down from generation to generation. Among others, was this: One day Ugolino, in a fit of rage and despair at seeing his darling sons starve before his eyes, without the possibility of of his answering their entreaties and moans for food, gnashed his hands and arms with his teeth; and the affectionate little fellows, supposing that he was trying to mitigate his own hunger, started up and cried, "Feed on *us*, father! Oh, feed on *us*, and not on yourself!" The wretched father, pierced to the soul by the exhibition of such affection and magnanimity, sank speechless to the floor. Mastering his emotions as quickly as possible, he arose, and that his sufferings might be hidden from his noble boys, he assumed an air of cheerful serenity, which he maintained until they had, one after the other, died in his arms. Then,

"Staggering sightless in the grave of night,
He sought his children—and his fingers strayed
O'er their cold limbs, and with their features played.
Three days he called their names—but they were dead;
The fourth in lingering pangs the father's spirit fled."

MINA wants to know why some people are called Whigs and some Democrats. She says she has asked her teachers and her "folks" in vain; she says "they either can't or won't tell me, and I am *dying* to know." Well, Mina, the terms "Whig" and "Democrat" are used to designate certain parties or sects in politics, the same as Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, etc., are used to designate certain sects in religion. In the Revolutionary War the *Whigs* were those who were in favor of making this country free and independent, while those who stood by the King of England were called Tories. After the war was over, and our Revolutionary forefathers set about making a new government, they could not agree for some time. At last our present Constitution was made, and Washington was elected President. Immediately some of the great men of that time began to find fault with the Constitution and with Washington's policy. These fault-finders called themselves Republicans and Democrats, while the friends of Washington called themselves Federalists. The parties were thus distinguished from each other for a good many years, until their measures and principles got so mixed up they could hardly tell them apart, and then a new division of parties took place, one set calling themselves Republican Democrats, and the other taking the name of Democratic Republican Whigs. These names being rather long, they were finally reduced down to Whigs and Democrats. Of late years, parties have again been split up; a part of the Whigs and a part of the Democrats have united and call themselves Republicans again, while the other part of both the old parties have united and kept the old Jeffersonian name of Democrats.

EMIGRANT.—This correspondent says a lady placed her baggage on board the steamship New York, and paid freight on it to this port, she not being able to come in that steamer herself. The "New York" was wrecked. The lady arrived here, having come in another steamer; and now she wants to know how she can get her baggage if it has been saved; or how she can get pay for it if it has been lost. If it has not been saved, she can get no remuneration, unless she had it insured. When property is lost by the perils of the sea, the owner alone bears the burden, unless he had providently taken the precaution to insure it. When property is saved by the owners of the vessel, as was the case in the wreck of the "New York," all the expenses of saving the property are added up, and the property itself is held for the repayment thereof. For instance, if ten thousand dollars' worth of property be saved, and the expenses of saving it amount to $1,000, that $1,000 must be paid *pro rata* by the different lots of property saved. If the lady's baggage, above referred to, were among the goods thus rescued, and if her baggage *as it was saved* were worth $500, she would have to pay $50 towards the aggregate expenses; and on paying that sum, or giving security for its payment, she would be permitted to take her baggage.

SINGER.—When you ask us to give you a plan whereby jealousy and bickering can be *forever* banished from the choir of your church, you ask us for altogether too much. So far as we know, no choir can get along without discord, no matter how devoted they are to the study of harmony. In fact, as a general thing, the more harmonious their singing, the more discordant their tempers. *Why* this is so, we cannot say. Perhaps it is owing to the fact that the singers expend so much harmony upon their public performances, they have none left to sweeten their private intercourse. They use up so much of their harmonic material in furnishing their professional concords, that they may be compelled to the too copious introduction of discords in their personal behavior. All you can do, in the case you mention, will be to take care of your own temper, and regulate your own conduct. You never can control either the dispositions or the behavior of your fellow-singers.

EDORA.—To acquire the art of conversation in a high degree, you must store your mind with well-digested information, and mix largely in intelligent and polished society. No matter how well-informed you may be, you cannot converse well without practice. To acquire a sweetly-modulated voice also requires much study and practice, unless nature has kindly bestowed that rare boon. If you cannot pay for teachers, you must be a keen observer, and profit by your experience and assiduity.

M.—We are glad to hear that the clergymen in your vicinity take such an interest in the LEDGER. Nothing affords us more pleasure than the fact that so many eminent clergymen look with approbation upon the course which we have uniformly pursued in regard to great moral and religious questions, and take the trouble to recommend the LEDGER to their parishioners as an unobjectionable and valuable family paper.

GEORGE.—The amount of intensity of the application to your studies which you can safely indulge in, will depend very much upon your constitution, your present health, and your habits of exercise. You should never prolong your study of a lesson after your mind has become wearied with it. Either turn to some other lesson, or else take a walk, or other diversion.

E.—This correspondent wants to know if it would be improper for him to visit the girl of his choice as often as once a week, they being engaged to be married! You must be a remarkably modest youth. Visit your betrothed as often as will be convenient for yourself and her, having regard of course to the convenience of the "old folks" as well as to your own.

J. G. R.—Your "Lines to a Novice" are well executed, but we do not publish articles which are written for particular and personal purposes, in which only a few individuals, or at best a small circle, are interested. A writer for the Press should select topics which appeal to the sympathies of, and interest the world.

A CONSTANT READER.—Your researches must have been very carelessly made, if you have examined all the histories of the United States, and several biographies of Thomas Jefferson, without being able to find out the date of his birth. He was born on the 13th day of April, 1743. Washington was born on the 22d of February, 1732.

S. S. S.—You should not take it so much to heart that you are constantly discovering important errors in history. You will probably continue to do so as long as you make history a subject of close investigation. Read "Carlyle's Life, Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," if you want to get something like a just idea of that much-abused old hero.

LANCASTER.—Almost any exercise in the open air will be good for your physical health. Try that which is most convenient for you, and if it answer continue it; if it does not help you, try some other kind, and so keep on experimenting until you discover what kind of exercise, and how much of it, is best for your constitution.

P. G. G.—In the LEDGER of March 16th, 1857, which can be obtained of us or ordered through any newsdealer, you will find a full statement of the qualifications necessary to enable an applicant for an appointment to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis to pass an examination.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Consult your almanac, and you will be able to learn at what hour the moon rises on any evening in the year, and can then judge for yourself as to whether or not the "harvest moon" rises at about the same time for several successive nights.

G. T. M.—Had you offered the whole amount in gold and silver, (dollars, halves, and quarters,) the bank would have been obliged to take it; but as a portion was in bank-notes, which they were *not obliged to take*, they were safe in refusing to take the silver.

T. H.—A parent has a *legal* right to flog a daughter seventeen years old, but we are inclined to the opinion that any father who should do such a brutal and useless thing, in these days, among a civilized community, would be made to feel an uncomfortable degree of public indignation.

BASHFUL.—You will overcome your bashfulness by mixing freely in society—especially that of females. You must make a choice between the company of your sister and that "other young lady." It is a choice which almost every brother has sooner or later to make.

Z. H.—An author is expected to write grammatically and to spell correctly. The "Tombs" is a huge prison in this city. Some of the criminal courts are also held there, in large rooms fitted up for the purpose.

E. L. C.—We are quite overstocked with poetry.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*